MATT FRACTION GABRIEL BÁ FÁBIO MOON

CASANOVA™

VOLUME THREE: AVARITIA

CASANOVA

AVARITIA

MATT FRACTION

GABRIEL BA

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Matt Fraction:

For Bill King and Martha Maricoat Dunigan
who taught me everything

Gabriel Bá:

For Jean Giraud Moebius and Katsuhiro Otomo

"Time forks perpetually into
countless futures. In one of them
I am your enemy."

Jorge Luis Borges
The Garden Of Forking Paths (1958)

"...(A)lways remember what
Jean-Luc Godard said:
'It's not where you take things from—
it's where you take them to.'"

Jim Jarmusch (2004)

"... I (...) intend to sound an urgent
word of warning relative to rather
obvious pre-nova conditions."

William S. Burroughs (1963)

"Everybody has a plan until they get
punched in the mouth."

Mike Tyson (date unknown)

W.A.S.T.E.-FREE WILDERNESS

WHAT IF IT'S NEVER ENOUGH

HARM REDUCTION

RELAXED IN PERSON

1. THE WIZARD BUYS A HAT

IT'D TAKE SOMETHING WORSE THAN *THAT.*

I'M AFRAID.

WORSE THAN CANCER?

WHAT THE HELL COULD BE WORSE THAN CANCER.

TERRY FIELDS WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION NEAR AN LOC IN DECEMBER 1965.

I DUNNO.

ME?

POP!

F--

IT'S NOT FAIR.

BUT IT'S TRUE. SO-- SO TAKE THAT HOW YOU WILL.

NONE OF THESE PEOPLE DID ANYTHING TO DESERVE HAVING **ME** INFLICTED ON THEM.

AND YET HERE I AM.

INFLICTING.

I HATE MY FUCKING JOB.

ZIP! ZAP!

POP!

POP!

GIVE ME THE THINGY.

DO WHAT NOW?

GIVE

ME

THE

THINGY.

--NUHH--

--EFF NUFFINN SAAGGGRRD?

--AH HAFF FUUUCH A BWI! FUUUCHHHRR--

FUCK YOUR FUTURE. NOTHING IS SACRED.

HARM EVERYONE. SAVE YOURSELF.

CRASH!

--C'MON C'MON--

AH!

THIS, SEE?

THE THINGY. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THIS BUT YOU FUCKED IT UP.

UFFHH--

--WUFF UH WUFF--?

KSH!!

AHH.

YEAH.

XENO QUINN OF U-TREE BRANCH DESIGNATE NINE-TWO- NINE-OH-, SIX-OH-SIX:

THIS TIMELINE HAS BEEN CAUTERIZED BY E.M.P.I.R.E.

NN--

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

09.19.07.09.11.17:34::00

WELL?

HOW'D IT GO?

I USED TO LOVE MY JOB.

FINE.

NOW IT'S A FUCKING NIGHTMARE.

I'VE BEEN SICK FOR LIKE A YEAR NOW. ON AND OFF CONSTANTLY. THE INFECTION NEVER QUITE CLEARS UP.

YOU WANT SOME REAL PRESIDENT SUPER-SEX STUFF? TRY SUBJECTING YOUR ALLERGIES TO THE DUST MITES OF A DOZEN DEAD UNIVERSES.

"DANCE DANCE...

"IN A SUDDEN INSTANT/ I'VE GOT SUDDEN INFANT...

"DAAAAANCE SYNDROME.*"

CHRIST WILL YOU STOP IT WITH THAT FUCKING SONG...

FFFT. WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

*"SUDDEN INFANT DANCE SYNDROME" BY TEEN AGE MUSIC INTERNATIONAL 'PHENOMEMOM.' COURTESY SOMA RECORDS.

RUBY BERSERKO COMES OUT OF THIS OKAY I THINK.

stop coming back

I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK.

RUBY IF I HEAR THAT GODDAMN SONG ONE MORE TIME I'M GOING TO SHOOT MYSELF IN THE HEAD.

PROMISE?

"DANCE DANCE..."

GAAHHH.

HE'S WAITING FOR YOU.

Stop coming back

I REALLY AM GLAD YOU'RE BACK.

sores goddammit immune system depressed mouth full of canker sores

BLAARRRRRGLE!!

covered tongue running down throat feels like trying to eat ten bees and losing

YOU WERE TOLD I WANTED TO SEE YOU.

Shit!

SHIT!

KERR-SPIT!!

THO I DETHIDED TO THOWER INTHTEAD.

ah god of all the sentences to try to say

REALLY? THAT'S THE SENTENCE YOU TRY TO SAY?

hate you you're not really him you fucking fuck you fuck

STELLAR FUCKING JUDGMENT AS ALWAYS.

YEAH? THAT ALL YOU WANTED TO THEE ME ABOUT?

JUTH WANTED TO COME DOWN AND BUTH MY BALLTH A LITTLE BIT?

fuck you fire me

I WISH HE'D JUST FIRE ME.

SEYCHELLE BROKE THROUGH FOUR NEW BRANES THIS AFTERNOON. GET TO BED EARLY TONIGHT BECAUSE YOU'RE *JUMPING OUT* AGAIN IN THE MORNING.

REJOICE FOR WE HAVE FOUND YOU ANOTHER NEW MUTANT UNIVERSE TO CAUTERIZE.

OH, FUCK YOU--

IT'S BEEN THIX WEEKSH-- STHEVEN--

HEY--!

SOC!

I DON'T GIVE A GOOD GODDAMN IF IT'S BEEN A HUNDRED DAYS.

I SAY YOU WORK, YOU WORK. AND IF I SAY I WANT TO SEE YOU--

CORNELIUS QUINN DIED OF CANCER SOMETIME AFTER THE END OF THIS STORYLINE.

you

--YOU FUCKING RUN.

you broke my heart

IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS, FOUR MONTHS, THREE WEEKS, AND ONE DAY.

I HATE MY LIFE.

I'M TRAPPED.

THE EXOSPHERE:
E.M P.I.R E. FLAGSHIP *RECKONER*

HOW THE HELL DID IT END UP LIKE THIS?

2. I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR

09.89.21.06.96.11·29:.00
THE KISS DESTROYER:

I SEE IT NOW.

REALLY?

I DON'T SEE SHIT.

I HATE IT WHEN YOU DRIVE.

YOU DO NO GOOD OPERATING IN A WORLD THAT REQUIRES YOU TO ACCEPT YOUR OWN POWERLESSNESS IN THE FACE OF ITS INNATE UNMANAGEABILITY.

SUBMIT.

SASA LISI WAS FROM THE FUTURE ONCE.

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

WHEN DID ALL THIS TURN OUT TO BE MY FAULT?

RECKONER-919: THIS IS THE *KISS DESTROYER.* WE'RE ABOUT TO CAUTERIZE U-TREE DESIGNATE *NINE-EIGHT-NINE.*

CYCLE UP RETRIEVAL ENGINES...

"... AND HERE COMES HOLOCAUST."

CAS-3114

HOLY MARY MOTHER-A GOD!

BABY, QUIT TRYIN' TA BLAZE THAT GASPER AND START SQUIRTIN' METAL!

ONE LAST SMOKE TO *NO FUTURE*, CASSY--!

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

09.54.21 06.96.11:29:.00

I SEE IT NOW.

WHEN DID ALL THIS TURN OUT TO BE MY FAULT?

CYCLE UP RETRIEVAL ENGINES...

--BUT THE FUTURE DEPENDS ON--

SHUT UP--

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

09.55.21.06.96.11:29:.00

I SEE IT NOW.

09.56.21.06.96.11:29:.00

WHEN DID ALL THIS TURN OUT TO BE MY FAULT?

09.57.21.06.96.11:29::00

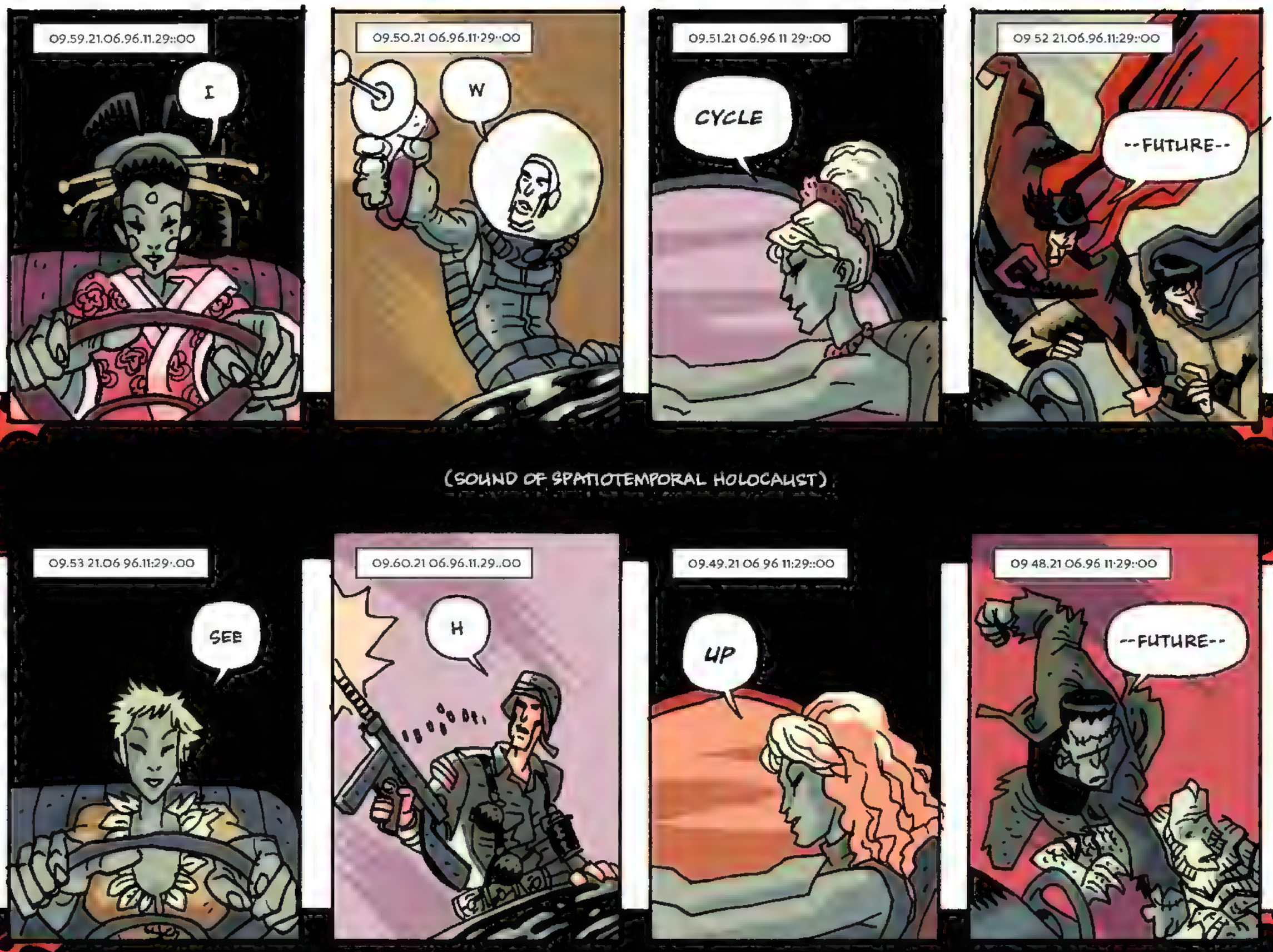
CYCLE UP RETRIEVAL ENGINES...

09.58.21.06.96.11:29::00

I KNOW, I KNOW--

--FUTURE!--

(AGAIN THE SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)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I
09.50.21 06.96.11·29··00
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CYCLE
09 52 21.06.96.11:29::00
--FUTURE--
(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)
09.53 21.06 96.11:29·.00
SEE
09.60.21 06.96.11.29..00
H
09.49.21 06 96 11:29::00
UP
09 48.21 06.96 11:29::00
--FUTURE--
(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)
09.40.21.06.96.11:29::00
IT
E
09.31.21.06.96.11:29::00
RETRIEVAL
FOOOCHA
(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)
09.22.21.06.96 11:29::00
NOW.
09 20.21.06.96.11:29·:00
N
09.19.21.06.96.11:29::00
ENGINES.
FUTURE!
(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

09.19.07.09.23.55::51

HOW INFINITE IS INFINITE?

I MEAN, IT'S NOT REALLY GOING TO GO ON FOREVER, IS IT?

NOTHING GOES ON FOR-EVER. NOT EVEN FOREVER.

I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE, SASA.

I CAN'T.

HOW MANY TRILLIONS OF LIVES?

LIVES RIGHT NOW BEING LIVED, GOING MERRILY ALONG.

NO CLUE I'M OUT THERE COMING FOR THEM.

EIGHTY-ONE OCTODECILLION.

GIVE OR TAKE A COUPLE NONILLION.

I'M THE GREATEST KILLER MANKIND HAS EVER CREATED.

THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED TO BE. THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED--

--I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE, SASA. I JUST CAN'T.

EVEN IF IT'S ALL HYPOTHETICAL. THEY'RE HYPOTHETICAL TO *US*. TO THEM--

--FUCK IT. LET HIM PUT ME IN JAIL. LET HIM FUCKING SHOOT ME.

I WANT OUT. I'M DONE.

CASS...

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

YOUR FATHER IS DYING.

WE'RE ALL DYING.

HE HAS CANCER.

IS THAT METAPHORICAL?

CASS.

WHAT?

IN THIS BOOK YOU NEVER KNOW.

I KNOW.

AND I'M TELLING YOU. AND HE KNOWS. AND HE'S *NOT*...

HE'S TRYING TO CLEAN THIS ALL UP BEFORE...

...WELL, BEFORE.

AHH, DAD...

HE'S NOT PUNISHING YOU. HE'S PUNISHING *HIM*.

ARE YOU OKAY?

CASS?

CASS, IT'S--

DON'T.

...JUST DON'T.

3. EVERYTHING IS OVER

...

09 88.22.04.33 20:00::00
CHICAGO.

AAH.

there you are.

HEY EVERYBODY. THANKS FOR COMING OUT.

THIS ONE DOESN'T HAVE A TITLE YET. OR A SECOND VERSE.

OR MUCH OF A BRIDGE.

FUCK IT.

We're all so tired
everybody wasting away

Secluded

Terrified
Expecting wonders

...HEY, THANKS, MAN.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS DUMB OR WEIRD OR-- WELL, WHATEVER. LIFE'S TOO SHORT.

THAT'S GREAT. THAT'S REALLY GREAT.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MAN?

BAXTER.

BUD BAXTER.

HEY, LUTHER.

GREAT SHOW TONIGHT.

HEY.

HEY.

CASANOVA QUINN.

S'OKAY.

GETTING OVER... EBOLA... HEADCOLD... AIDS. GERMS. YOU UNDERSTAND.

OF COURSE.

ONE OF YOU CHOADS HAVE A *LIGHT* OR WHAT?

McGuffin MOVERS & DELIVERY

ANY 'A YOU GUYS "LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND"?

OVER HERE, MAN.

I DON'T SMOKE.

DELIVERY. SIGN HERE.

WHOA--

WAIT--

WHAT?

HEY.

HEY!

OTT

HEY WHAT.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY NAME'S MICHAEL OTT. I WORK FOR MACGUFFIN MOVERS AND DELIVERY. AND I GOT A FORM THAT SAYS THAT THING IS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE BY NOW.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT YOU TAKE IT UP WITH THE FORM.

M. O. T. T.

YEAH.

YEAH, OKAY.

M.O.T.T.

SO, LOOK, I NEED TO GO DO MY SECOND SET BUT LATER, YOU GUYS SHOULD COME BY THE HOTEL AND HANG OUT...

I'M STAYING UNDER MY ALIAS OF "NEWMAN XENO."

GET IT?

...WHAT?

MY ROCK STAR ALIAS.

"NEWMAN XENO." NEW MAN. XENO, ALIEN. MR. X. Y'KNOW.

IT'S FUN?

WHAT?

WHAT'S IN THE BOX, EARTHMAN?

OH. UH...

IT LOOKS LIKE A LIGHTER FROM OUTER SPACE.

OI, LIGHTER. I ASKED AND I HAVE NOW RECEIVED.

HOOK A GIRL UP, GARÇON.

HEAD'S UP.

* PUT ON YOUR 3-D GOGGLES NOW!!

YOINK.

* PLEASE REMOVE YOUR 3-D GOGGLES NOW!!

SMOKING'LL KILL YA.

EVERYTHING'LL KILL YA.

OKAY, WEIRDOES, I GOTTA GO, BUT...

BAXTER, NICE TO MEET YOU. QUINNS, CATCH YOU LATER.

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND

~~¥9.88~~

YYYEEEEAAAAAAHHHHH

S O G I V E M E T H --

F

Pt!

H

--

Pt!

--NO--

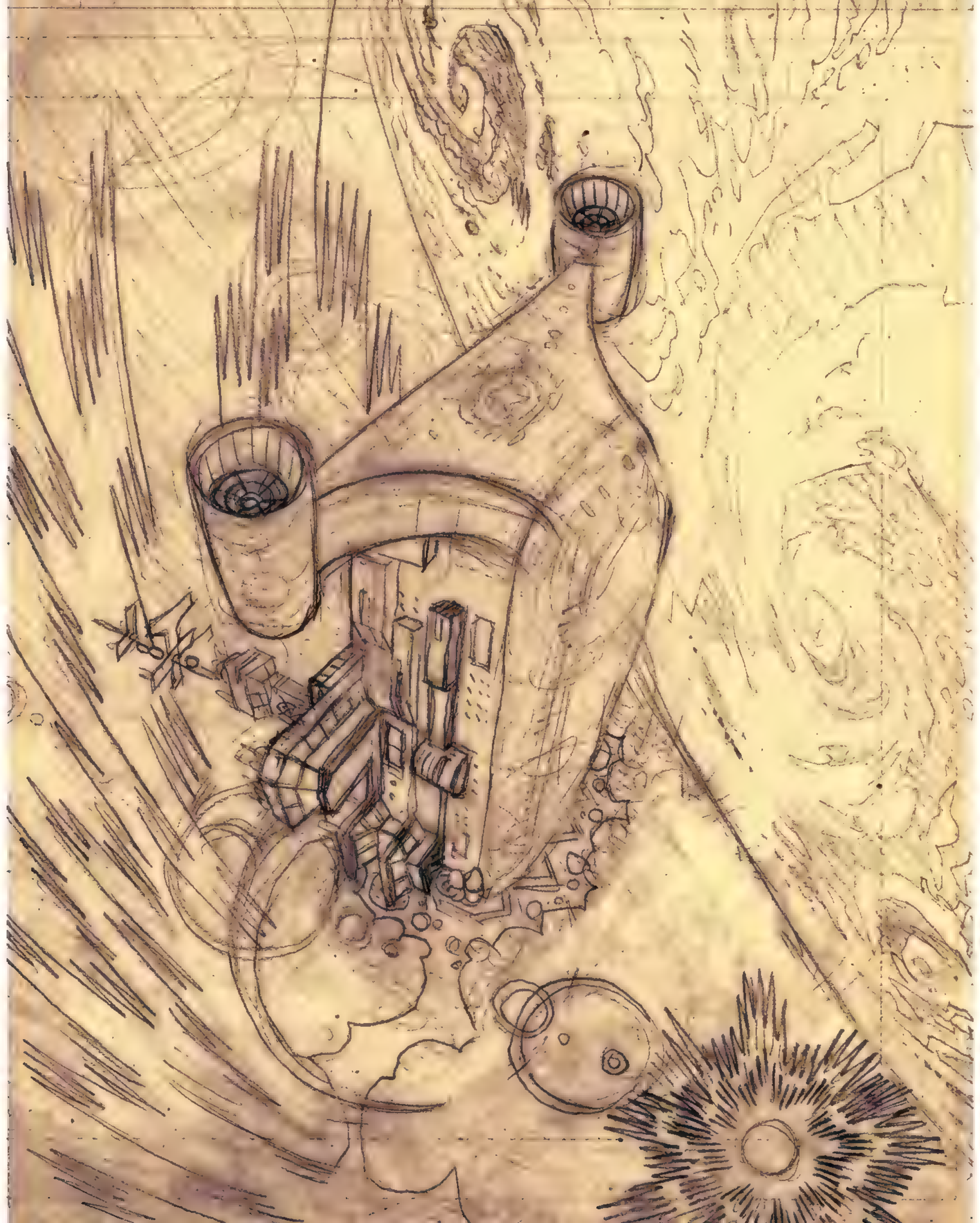
--ZEPH--

--SORRY--

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND.

NEWMAN XENO'S REAL NAME IS LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND.



W.A.S.T.E.-FREE WILDERNESS

WHAT IF IT'S NEVER ENOUGH

HARM REDUCTION

RELAXED IN PERSON

4. 'TIL I DIE

YOU'RE KIND OF COMPLICATING MY THING, MAN.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *DOING* HERE?

NOT TO BE A *COCK* BUT IF YOU KNEW HOW MUCH *MONEY* IT COST ME TO BUY A WHOLE ISLAND JUST SO I COULD MAKE MY MUSIC *ALONE*...

...WHAT ARE YOU, PRESS? A *FAN*?

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND

v9.26

OI, FUCKO! I *SAID* --

--I--

KER SPLASH

THIS IS IT.

THIS IS THE JOB NOW.

KILLING LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND IS BETTER THAN PULLING THE PLUG ON AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE, DON'T GET ME WRONG, BUT THAT, AT LEAST...

...AT LEAST THAT WASN'T THIS PERSONAL.

MURDER BY REMOTE CONTROL HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.

AND HEY:

FREE UKULELE.

QUINN TO RECKONER.

WE'RE ALL DONE DOWN HERE.

POP

09.19.05.10.11.19:29::00
THE EXOSPHERE·
EMPIRE FLAGSHIP *RECKONER*

AND THAT'S--

--STAND BY--

--THAT'S STRANDS OH-FIVE-DOT-OH-EIGHT THROUGH OH-FIVE-DOT-NINE-NINE?

AFFIRMATIVE.

ON TOP OF THE FULL-STRAND *CAUTERIZATIONS* OF OH-FOUR-DOTS-ONE TO *NINE* AND OH-FIVE-DOTS-ONE TO *SEVEN*.

JESUS.

YEAH.

OUR BOY'S BEEN *BUSY*.

HOW'S HE HOLDING UP?

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

I'M RIGHT *HERE*, YOU FUCKERS.

QUIT SPEAKING LIKE I'M NOT IN THE ROOM.

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

FUCK YOU

I WASN'T ENTIRELY CERTAIN YOU WERE ACTUALLY *HERE*, CASANOVA.

get INTO it or get OUT of it

you fucking spoiled brat BUMMER

FUCK YOU, SEYCHELLE.

YES, WELL, ON *THAT* NOTE...

...YOU KNOW, I DON'T REALLY HAVE A SEGUE; I JUST WANT TO START TALKING ABOUT NEXT WEEK. CAN WE DO THAT?

AND WHERE IS *SASA*?

"ISN'T OUR *MISTRESS OF ALL SPACETIME HOLOCAUST* SUPPOSED TO BE PRESENT FOR THESE THINGS...?

IT'S SOON NOW.

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

SASA?

WHAT.

OH.

HELLLLLLLLLO.

!!!!!!!!!T'SSSSSOOOOOOONNNOW

BILLY PILGRIM'S PRECIOUS LITTLE *LIFE.*

HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

FINE.

I'M FINE.

CASANOVA.

I'M FUCKING *LOSING IT.* WHAT DO YOU *THINK?*

WHAT? IT'S TIME.

IT'S ALMOST TIME.

WHY ARE YOU *HERE?*

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

THERE ARE TIMES I LITERALLY HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO TALK TO YOU.

TALKING'S DIFFICULT.

FUCK YOU! YOU-- YOU-- YOU'RE SO--

--WILLFULLY OBSCURANT?

CHRIST, LOOK AT ME, IT TAKES MORE THAN 'WILLFULLY OBSCURANT' TO THROW ME OFF MY *GAME*--

I *CLOSE MY EYES*, SASA. EVERY TIME I--

LUTHER DESMO DIA

-- CASANOVA QUINN. YOU HAVE TO *TRUST* THAT I KNOW THINGS. I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU. I KNOW YOU'RE JUST *SLEEPING WITH ME* BUT--

--WELL, I *LIKE* YOU.

THIS IS WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NOW?

YES. GOD, FUCK, WHY *NOT*. YES.

FINE. YOU *ADMIRE* ME, YOU THINK. *RESPECT* ME.

AND YOU DON'T NORMALLY *RESPECT* THE GIRLS YOU SLEEP WITH.

I DON'T RESPECT *ANYBODY* THAT SLEEPS WITH ME. THEY'RE SLEEPING WITH *ME*, Y'KNOW?

AND WHAT ABOUT ME, THEN?

WELL YOU'RE HARDLY JUST A GIRL, ARE YOU?

YOU ANSWERED A QUESTION WITH A QUESTION.

ISN'T THAT THE WORST?

YOU'RE ALMOST *DONE*, CASANOVA. YOU'RE ABOUT TO MAKE A *CHOICE*--

--AND IF IT'S THE ONE I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE, EVERYTHING IS GOING TO *CHANGE*.

AND JUST BECAUSE I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT.

SO *FUCK* YOU--

09.101.02.04.68.12:00::00
THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY

LUTHER
DESMOND
DIAMOND
v-9.101

EMPIRE

BUDDY, SPACE IS A VACUUM. SOUND DOESN'T--

--I MEAN IT CAN'T--

FFFWWOOOOFFFF

--

JESUS.

JESUS. JESUS, I--

--I THINK I WAS ASLEEP.

DRIVER?

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

HOW'S THAT?

...THINK I WAS ASLEEP...

THERE'S--

--I HAD A DREAM I WAS ON THE MOON AND NOW THERE'S--

--DRIVER, THERE'S *BLOOD* ON THE FLOOR.

IS IT MY BLOOD?

NOPE.

NOT YOUR BLOOD.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

--LEMMEOUTLEMMEOUT--

AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, LUTHER.

LEMME PULL THIS THING OVER.

YOU GOT ANY MORE DRUGS, YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE 'EM NOW.

YOU.

I MET YOU ON THE MOON.

YOU LIKE ME!

I MET YOU ON THE MOON AND YOU LIKE ME--!

GOD DAMMIT...

I SAW YOU THERE--MAN I SAW YOU--

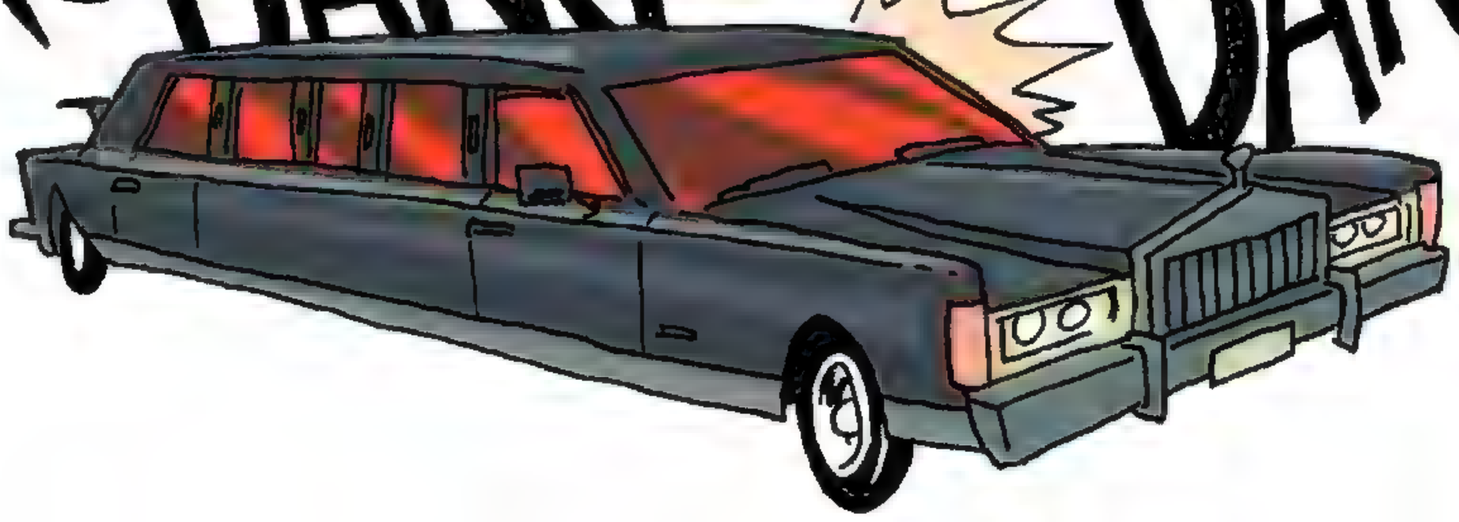
--AND YOU KNOW IT, TOO, YOU WERE THERE AND WE--

--LISTEN YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME I JUST--

--LISTEN--

--JUST LISTEN--

BANG BANG FUCKING BANG



5. MAN ON THE MOON

HEILONGJIANG PROVINCE
CHINA:

---?

!!

LUTHER
DESMOND
DIAMOND
v9.14

HEILONGJIANG PROVINCE
MEGAULTRA*POP*CULTICON XXVI
CHINA.

HEY,
THANKS.

Sharpie. FINE POINT (AP)

SO WHAT
DID THE PANDAS
REPRESENT?

WHAT?

WHAT DID
ALL THE *PANDAS*
REPRESENT?

YOU.

THE PANDAS?
THAT HE, UH,
KILLED?

YOU.
QUESTIONS.

UMM...
I GUESS...
UHHH

I WAS IN A
BAD MOOD.

YOU GET BULLIED AROUND.
YOU CAN'T PUNCH DOWN.
YOU SUBLIMATE--

...NOTHING,
I GUESS?

I WAS MAD
AT PEOPLE.

I THINK I THOUGHT
WANTON PANDA
SLAUGHTER WOULD
BE FUNNY.

SO I TURNED THEM INTO
PANDAS WITH MY MIND
AND KILLED THEM ALL
WITH SWORDS WHY

MM.

GREAT.

OH GREAT.

YOU'RE GONNA
GO HOME AND
BLOG THIS
OR WHATEVER.

ZOOO

DEIMOND DIAMOND

HEY, THANKS FOR READING.

HEY! HAVING A GOOD SHOW?

HER DESMON

ZUB ZUB ZUB ZUB

SHIT.

SHIT--!

FUCK!

EVERYBODY'S GOING TO THINK THIS MEANS SOMETHING.

--GOD DAMMIT MOVE SHATNER--

SQA

--TRONT!

I

I

I--

I'M JUST IN IT FOR THE LAFFS!

LAFFS, MOTHERFUCKERS, LAFFFFFFFS!!

POW POW POW

AAAGOD FUCKING DAMMIT--

--LUTHER--

EXIT

PT PT PT PT PT PT TN

DAMMIT.

GOD DAMMIT.

LUTHER DIAMOND.

LUTHER DESMOND MOTHERFUCKING DIAMOND--

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

HEILONGJIANG PROVINCE FILM FESTIVAL CHINA:

I..

SHIT, I'M SORRY. FOR A MINUTE THERE I LOST MYSELF.

WHERE WERE WE? THE-- WE WERE TALKING ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING IN 1966?

HA!

SHIT, MAN.

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND v9.62

I CAN HIT THE PLAYBACK AND, UH.

AND UH JOG OUR MEMORIES A LITTLE BIT I GUESS--

KNOCK KNOCK

S'ROOM SERVICE. ONE SEC.

EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?

THANKS.

FORGIVE MY FRIEND IN THERE. HE'S FEELING A BIT *SPACIOUS.*

DON'T WE *ALL* THESE DAYS.

THANK YOU, MR. DIAMOND...

HERE WE GO, MISTER JOURNALIST MAN.

LET'S GET A LITTLE BLOOD SUGAR AND PROTEIN IN YOU, SEE IF THAT RETURNS SOME OF YOUR DIRELY MISSED *CLARITY.*

WHOA, JESUS.

IS THAT A *GUN* IN YOUR POCKET OR DO YOU JUST HAVE, LIKE, A GIANT CHEST BONER RIGHT NOW?

I-- I DON'T--

HOLY SHIT.

I'M SUPPOSED TO KILL YOU.

WHAT THE FUCK?

JESUS DID THAT SPACE GAS DO A NUMBER ON ME.

WHAT. THE *FUCK?*

I DON'T-- BUT-- NO, LUTHER, WAIT--

I DON'T *WANT* TO KILL YOU ANY-MORE, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO SAY.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN?

I COULD FUCKING STAB YOU, THAT COULD HAPPEN.

IT COULD. IT WON'T. BUT IT COULD.

I'M GONNA CUT THE FUCKING GRAPEFRUIT NOW.

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL FUCKING STAB YOU I SWEAR TO CHRIST.

THIS COULD BE YOUR THROAT.

BUT IT ISN'T, SEE? AND YOU'RE FINE. YOU'LL *BE* FINE.

CALL IT AN *EXERCISE*. A TEST BETWEEN *FREE WILL* AND

DESTINY.

IS THAT RIGHT.

THE WAY YOU *SAID THAT.*

WASN'T REALLY A QUESTION.

WHAT THE *FUCK--*

LUTHER-- *LUTHER--*

COME ON WHAT THE FUCK WHAT *THE FUCK--*

DON'T BE AN *IDIOT,* CASANOVA.

YOU'RE BEING *WATCHED.*

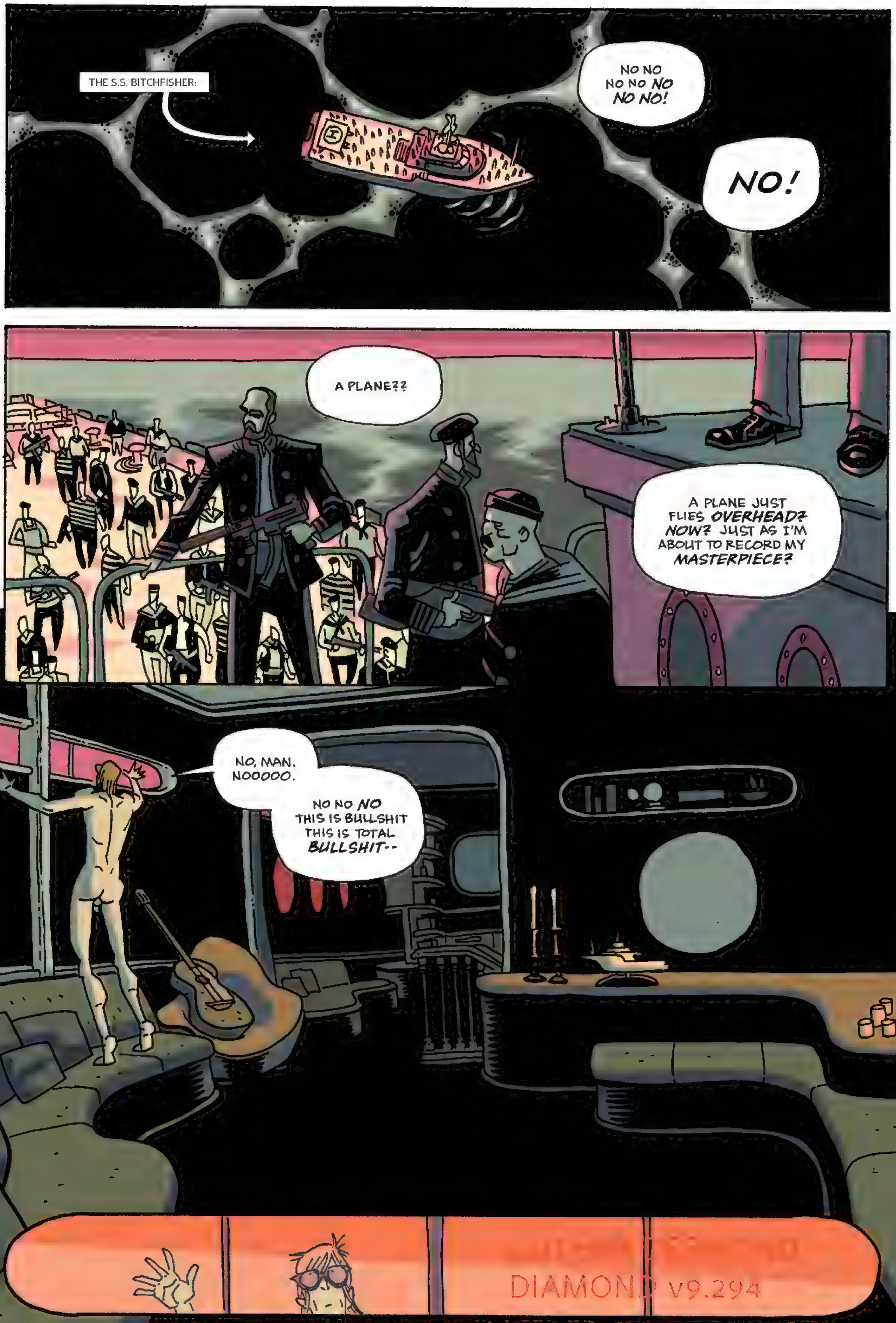
ANYWHERE YOU GO. ANY*WHEN.* E.M.P.I.R.E.... N.E.T.W.O.R.K.... WE *ALL* HAVE OUR *EYES* ON YOU.

WE KNOW WHAT *HAPPENED* BEFORE YOU *DID IT.*

NOW *PUSH THE FUCKING BUTTON* AND GET YOUR ASS BACK TO THE *RECKONER.*

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

6. NIGHT IS OVER


THE S.S. BITCHFISHER:
NO NO
NO NO NO
NO NO!
NO!
A PLANE??
A PLANE JUST FLIES OVERHEAD? NOW? JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO RECORD MY MASTERPIECE?
NO, MAN. NOOOOO.
NO NO NO THIS IS BULLSHIT THIS IS TOTAL BULLSHIT--
DIAMOND v9.294

(SUPERFICIAL GREETING/ SODERBERGH HOMAGE/ REFERENCE!)

(QUIP TO COME)

BLAM BLAM BLAM

(HOMOPHOBIC SENTIMENT DISGUISED AS NIHILISTIC ZINGER)

BLAM BLAM BLAM

(FILLER LINE)

(EM-DASH SYLLABLE EM-DASH)

(CYNICAL BULLSHIT)

(HYPERBOLIC AUTOCOMMENTARY)

(SELF-CONGRATULATIONS)

(CHEAP AND EASY JUVENILE BULLSHIT)

(PANDERING)

(DIEGETICALLY SHAKY DIALOGUE)

(HOLLOW AND HYPERBOLIC OVERSTATEMENT OF FEAR)

(SELF-EMASCULATION! FAKE, PHONY, BULLSHIT!)

(CONFESSION OF HOMOSEXUALITY/ CONFESSION OF EXCESSIVE FEMININITY/ CONFESSIONAL EQUATION OF FEAR AND SHAME/ OBSCENITY!)

HEY.

LUTHER.

CAN WE KNOCK THIS SHIT OFF? SERIOUSLY, I *HATE* IT.

I...

I DON'T KNOW? HOW-- UH-- DO I TELL THEM TO *STAND DOWN,* OR--

NAH, I KILLED EVERYBODY ANYWAY.

IT'S MORE ABOUT A *SHIFT IN TONE.*

OKAY? UH-- I--

IT'S SHIFTED? WE'RE COOL?

LUTHER.

LUTHER, LUTHER, LUTHER. WE ARE VERY CERTAINLY COOL.

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.

I KNEW I WASN'T BEING *PARANOID.* I KNEW THE *COCAINE* WAS RIGHT.

LUTHER YOU *ARE* BEING PARANOID AND COCAINE IS *NEVER* RIGHT.

HONESTLY I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE ON ABOUT.

IT'S MY NEW *JAM,* ISN'T IT? THE *RECORD* I'VE BEEN HOLED UP HERE *MAKING.*

I *KNEW* IT WAS MY MASTERWORK. *I KNEW IT.* I SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE AND NOW I--

LUTHER-- YOU AMAZING... AMAZINGLY SELF-CENTERED... EGOMANIACAL... BOOB. I COULDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THAT.

OKAY FIRST OFF YOU DON'T GET TO PRE-DECLARE-- YOU DON'T GET TO *DECLARE* ANYTHING YOU MAKE IS--

--I MEAN DON'T GET ME WRONG I LIKE YOUR MUSIC AND STUFF, BUT--

Y'KNOW WHAT-- NEVER *MIND,* I--

LUTHER, YOU'RE THE LINCHPIN OF A CROSS-SPATIOTEMPORAL ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY NO BATCH OF *N.E.T.W.O.R.K.* GOONS IS GOING TO STOP.

I HAVE KILLED YOU ACROSS TIME AND SPACE. I HAVE KILLED YOU IN HUNDREDS OF VARIATIONS. LITTLE VARIANT COLLECTOR EDITION *YOUS*, ALL DEAD BY MY HAND.

I HAVE SNUFFED OUT WHOLE *UNIVERSES*, TO KEEP THE SPARK THAT IS *YOU* FROM IGNITING.

UNIVERSES, LUTHER. THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A SECOND.

UNIVERSES.

I...

WHAT... DID... I *DO*?

NOT DID. "WILL."

AND WHAT YOU'LL DO... IS MAKE *ME* POSSIBLE.

SHHHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT.

WHAT, UH... WHAT... DO WE... DO? NEXT?

THIS IS THE *PAST* FOR ME. WHICH MEANS WHERE I COME FROM WE THINK YOU'RE DEAD.

I THINK.

BUT THEY DON'T TRUST ME ANYMORE SO THEY'RE GOING TO *CHECK MY WORK.*

WE-- WE'RE GOING TO STAGE YOUR DEATH. IT WILL BE INVESTIGATED AS *SUSPICIOUS.*

THERE ARE *ECHOES* ACROSS SPACETIME. SOMETHING HAPPENS HERE... AND IT RADIATES OUTWARDS AND INFLUENCES ADJACENT SPACETIMELINES.

ANYWAY. THEY'LL COME CHECK ON YOU.

YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN TO *SURVIVE THAT* BUT... YOU'RE SMART. YOU'RE CHARMING.

YOU CAN DO IT. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT. TEACH YOU HOW TO *DEFEND* YOURSELF. EVERYTHING.

dit dit dit

dah dah--

HOW... HOW DO YOU *KNOW* THAT? HOW DO YOU--

TELL ME HOW YOU WRITE SONGS.

I... I DIP A STICK IN HONEY? AND I RUN AROUND... AND I TRY TO CATCH BUTTERFLIES WITH IT?

BUT THE BUTTERFLIES... I HAVE TO CATCH THEM IN THE RIGHT ORDER. IT'S LIKE THEY'VE ALL GOT NUMBERS ON THEIR WINGS AND I HAVE TO CHASE THEM LONG ENOUGH TO *SEE* THOSE NUMBERS AND...

...AND ANYWAY.

IF I GET IT WRONG I HAVE TO SHAKE THE STICK UNTIL THEY ALL FLY AWAY AND START OVER AGAIN.

IT'S A PAIN IN THE ASS. IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M *RETARDED.*

AND I DON'T SAY THAT IN A THIRD-GRADE WAY. I MEAN-- LITERALLY-- I FEEL *DEVELOPMENTALLY DISABLED.*

LIKE... LIKE THE ONE THING ON EARTH I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT MAYBE ONE DAY BE *GOOD* AT...

...CAN ONLY BE DONE IN THIS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTING AND WORK-INTENSIVE WAY BECAUSE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT ANYTHING *MORE SIMPLE.*

SO I DO LOTS OF COCAINE AND DICK AROUND ON A BOAT AND TRY TO PRODUCE WHAT THEY PAY ME FOR.

THE ART WILL COME LATER OR I'LL JUST FUCKING KILL MYSELF I GUESS.

I CAN DO THINGS WITH MY MIND THAT NOBODY ELSE CAN DO-- WELL, MY SISTER CAN DO IT TOO, BUT--

--BUT SHE'S GONE NOW. ANYWAY, I--

I TURN MY THOUGHTS INTO *CROWS*.

I TURN 'EM INTO CROWS AND I SEND THEM OUT INTO THE WORLD AND WHATEVER IT IS I WANT... THE CROWS MAKE HAPPEN.

IT'S MY *SUPERPOWER*. IT'S WHY I'M A *SUPERHERO*.

SEE?

I GOT A COSTUME AND EVERYTHING.

AM...

IS THIS THE COCAINE? AM I SUPERHIGH RIGHT NOW?

WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

I WANT YOU TO *LEARN*, LUTHER.

EEECCCKK!

I...
I...

THE KNIFE, LUTHER.
THERE'S POISON ON THE KNIFE.
WHEN THEY COME FOR YOU? USE IT AND DISAPPEAR.

HE LET ME *LIVE*. THAT'S JUST HOW I REMEMBER IT HAPPENING.

THAT'S JUST HOW I REMEMBER MEETING CASANOVA QUINN.

W.A.S.T.E.-FREE WILDERNESS

WHAT IF IT'S NEVER ENOUGH

HARM REDUCTION

RELAXED IN PERSON

7. THE WIDTH OF A CIRCLE

HE -- AND *E.M.P.I.R.E.*-- DISCOVERED MY *NAME* BEFORE I BECAME THE MAN I AM TODAY.

THEY TRAIPSE ACROSS SPACETIME LIKE THEY OWN IT, *KILLING* ME BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO *GROW UP.*

ANYWHERE IN THE MYRIAD FOLDS OF THE INFINITE WHERE MY SEED MAY FIND PURCHASE...

...THERE IS THE BOOT OF *E.M.P.I.R.E.* TO STOMP IT TO DEATH.

BUT *YOU'RE FAMILIAR* WITH THE QUINN FAMILY GOON-SQUAD DECIDING WHO GETS TO LIVE AND DIE, AREN'T YOU, KAITO?

BEST. IT'S MR. *BEST* WHEN YOU'RE IN MY HOME. AND TREAD *CAREFULLY,* MR. XENO.

I KNOW WHAT YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE *CAPABLE OF* AND I ASSURE YOU...

...I'M NOT SCARED.

YOU CAN'T TELL BUT I'M *SMILING* UNDER THESE BANDAGES, REALLY I AM.

XENO WHAT DO YOU *WANT* FROM ME?

I'M NOT A *PART* OF *E.M.P.I.R.E.* ANYMORE AND I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT *ANYTHING.*

I'M NOT A *GHOUL,* MR. BEST.

BUT ALL THE SAME I KNOW WHAT THE QUINN FAMILY HAS TAKEN FROM YOU.

AND I KNOW YOU COULD KILL HIM AT ANY TIME, FOR *ANY* REASON.

LET ALONE THE VERY *SPECIFIC* REASON YOU HAVE...

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

SKYLABS ARE FALLING, MR. BEST.

AREN'T YOU THE BEST KILLER IN THE WORLD?

HE IS.

HE'LL BE GONE SOON, KAITO. GONE-GONE. *GONE.*

DAVID, KUBARK, STAY HERE WITH MR. *BEST* AND SHINE HIS FUCKING SHOES FOR ALL I CARE.

WELCOME ABOARD. START TALKING *EXECUTION.*

i hate this.

i hate this.

i hate this.

i hate this.

i hate this.

i hate this

iiihaaayyythhhhs

iiihaaayyythhhhs

iiihaaayyythhhhs

iiihaaayyythhhhs

iiihaaayyythhhhs

CAAALUUAAAAUGGHHK

HGGKK

WELL?

YOU COMIN' IN OR ARE YOU JUST GONNA SLINK ALL *NEFARIOUS*-LIKE ON THE PERIPHERY?

YEAH.

YEAH, OKAY.

DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?

A FUCKING GUN OR A FUCKING CIGARETTE.

CAN'T HELP YOU THERE, POP.

PSSH.

USELESS. THIS-- LET ME TELL YOU A SECRET, SON--

--THIS IS BULLSHIT.

YEAH.

YOU HEAR ME?

DYING IS AWFUL.

YOUR LIPS LOOK PRETTY DRY, POP. LET ME GET YOU SOME ICE CHIPS OR--

NO, NO, I'M FINE. S'OKAY.

CASSSHA.

CASSSHANOVA. LISSEN, LEMME--

LISTEN:

DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.

AN' YOU CALL YOUR MOTHER ONECCCHAWEEK.

WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?

GOTTA TELL HER...

...GOTTA...

OKAY, POP.

OKAY.

i hate this.

THE REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE NETWORK HEADQUARTERS

QUITE FRANKLY THIS IS *UNACCEPTABLE.*

E.M.P.I.R.E. HAS SENT ME *THROUGH GODDAMN TIME* TO CLEAN UP THE *MESS* BACK HERE, PEOPLE. AND WHAT'S *MORE...*

E.M.P.I.R.E. OUTSOURCED THIS JOB TO *N.E.T.W.O.R.K.* FOR ONE REASON AND ONE REASON ALONE:

WE NEEDED LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND TO DIE AND COULDN'T RELY ON OUR OWN AGENT TO EXECUTE.

DID I SHOOT HIM MYSELF? NO.

I LEFT HIM COVERED IN BLISTERS, SITTING ON A BURNING, SINKING BOAT, PICKING AROUND ON HIS GUITAR.

HE DIDN'T GET AWAY. HE DIED ON THAT BOAT.

SUKI BOUTIQUE'S REAL NAME IS NAOMI M

SINCE WHEN DOES N.E.T.W.O.R.K. ANSWER TO E.M.P.I.R.E. AND SINCE WHEN ARE *YOU* THE FACE OF IT ALL?

DIRECTOR *QUINN* IS ON *MEDICAL LEAVE.* UNTIL HE'S HEALTHY ENOUGH TO RETURN I AM *ACTING DIRECTOR.*

SPOILED GODDAMN *BULLY* IS MORE LIKE.

SUKI.

FINE. *ACTING DIRECTOR* GODDAMN BULLY.

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND DIED ON THAT BOAT.

MS. BOUTIQUE.

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE.

SABINE SEYCHELLE. THE VILLAIN.

"LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND DIED ON THAT BOAT," EH?

THE FUCK HE DID.

HOW DID HE ESCAPE?

BECAUSE THIS:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.

ME!

HARDLY APPROPRIATE BUT IF YOU MOVE OVER JUST A BIT--

WHY ME?

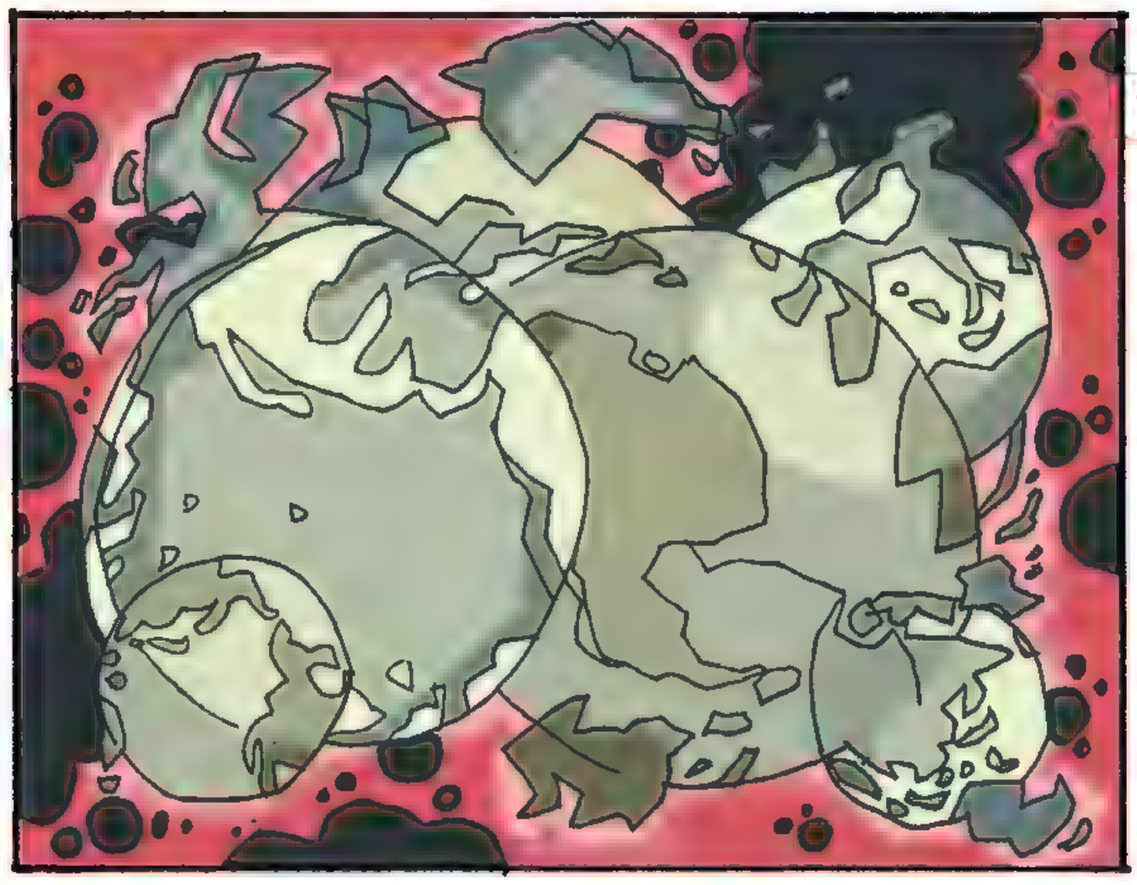
SERIOUSLY.

WHY. *ME?*

BECAUSE
LATER:

BUT THE
THING IS:

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
THAT.



I DIDN'T
DO THAT.

BUT YOU
WILL.

AND I'LL HELP
YOU DO IT.

WHY WOULD
YOU DO THAT?

FUCK

BECAUSE YOU
NEEDED
ME TO.

SO NOW:

WITHOUT ME THERE IS NO YOU.

WITHOUT YOU THERE IS NO ME.

YEAH.

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.

SO LET'S *DO SOMETHING* ABOUT THAT, BOYS...

SO NOW, THEN:

LET US BEGIN SIMPLY, GENTLEMEN.

WHERE IS QUINN?

HAH.

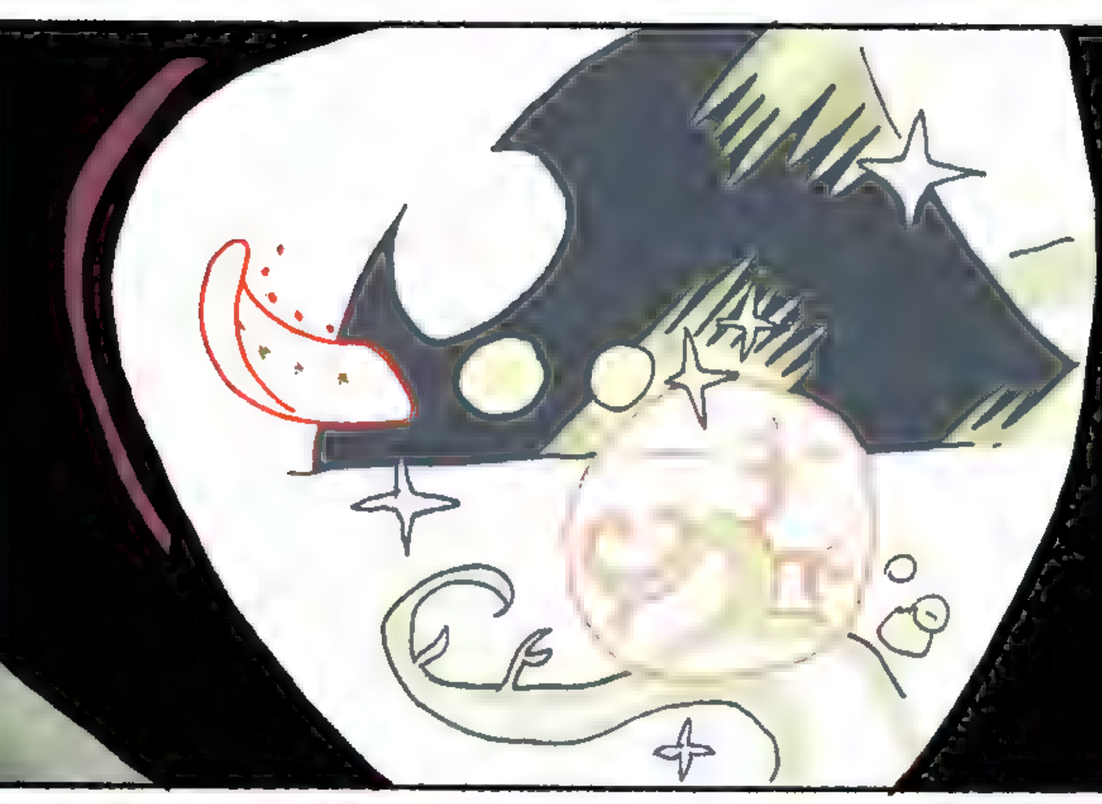
HE'S IN *BED*, MAN.

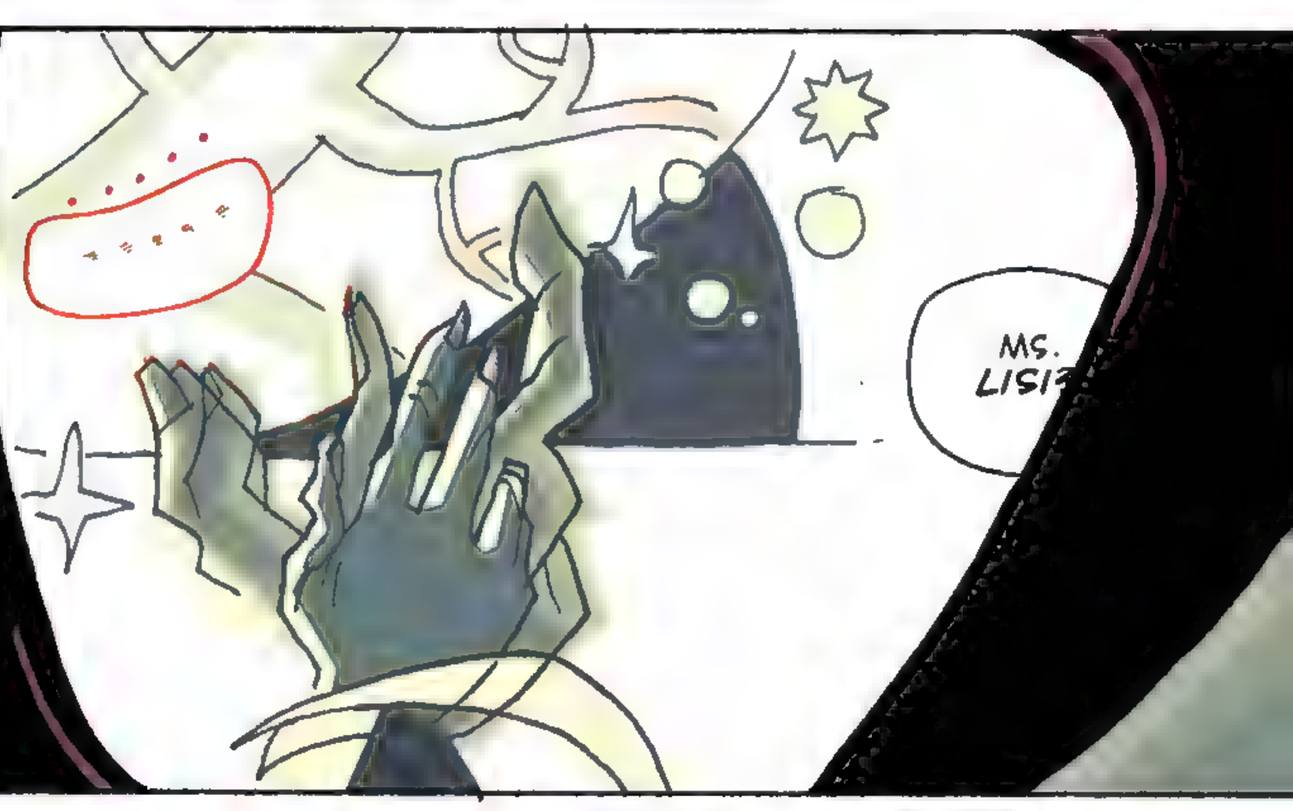
DAVID X IS A MASTER ESCAPIST AND KILLER. KUBARK BENDAY LOVED CASANOVA QUINN ONCE BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME.

WELL THEN.

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN *ROUSE* HIM.

8. LA RITOURNELLE





YOU'RE A CREEPY LITTLE CREEP, SEYCHELLE, AND YOU SNUCK UP ON ME.

YOU'RE A WEIRD COLD BITCH AND I CAN'T WAIT TO STOP PRETENDING I THINK OTHERWISE.

YOU WERE IN MY BLIND SPOT.

I WAS IN THE DOORWAY, KNOCKING POLITELY.

YOU CHOSE TO SIT WHERE YOU'RE SITTING.

blind spot

IT'S A BIG ROOM. YOU COULD SIT ANY-WHERE BUT CHOSE THE ONE PLACE THAT YOUR LINE OF SIGHT

blind

LISI?

MS. LISI, ARE YOU EVEN *LISTENING* TO ME?

Bingo!

--BREAK OPEN YOUR MILLION-DOLLAR WEAPON AND PUSH YOUR LUCK--

UM

GET OUT, WE'RE DONN NNNNNOW

WAIT WHAT? I WAS JUST

SEYCCHHH

HHEELLE GET OUT, WE'RE DONE NOW.

I'VE HAAAAAA

AAD AN IDEA--

--AN IDEA--

--SHIT--

--SORRY. I HATE--

--I HATE THAT THAT KEEPS HAPPENING. I WAS IN MY OFFICE A FEW HOURS AGO WITH SEYCHELLE AND NOW...

NOW I'M SORRY. OKAY. SORRY.

ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M OKAY. I'M HERE NOW. I'M--I'M FIXED. IT'S OKAY.

OKAY.

"...break open your million-dollar weapon and push your luck"

IT HAPPENS DURING THE *BIG TIMES*, RIGHT? THE MOMENTS WHEN...

THOSE MOMENTS WHEN THE SHAPE OF THINGS CONGEAL. THE LACUNA.

MY GIRL-FRIEND'S A TIME TRAVELER. THERE ARE PLUSES AND MINUSES.

IT'S OKAY.

NO, I'M TELLING YOU--

--THE *LACUNA*. THE *GAP*. THAT'S--

HERE.

X

O

CLOSE YOUR LEFT EYE AND STARE AT THE X.

MOVE YOUR HEAD BACK AND WATCH-- YOU'LL FIND A POINT WHERE THE O VANISHES.

THAT'S YOUR *LACUNA*-- A DEFECT IN YOUR EYE WHERE THE OPTIC NERVE CONNECTS IN BACK.

THE O IS HERE BUT YOU CAN'T SEE IT. IT'S IN THE LACUNA.

THIS IS HOW WE'RE GOING TO BEAT *E.M.P.I.R.E.*, CASANOVA QUINN.

WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A LACUNA AND DISAPPEAR YOU INTO IT...

SHIT

SHIT SHIT SHIT SH

LUTHER DESMOND DIAMOND V9.294 ISN'T DOING SO GREAT RIGHT NOW.

--THE FUCK?

OH COME ON...

FWUUHH--

FWUUHH--

DAMMIT.

GOD--

...

(SOUND OF CREATION)

--THE FUCK?

FIP!

I KNOW HOW MY SONG'S SUPPOSED TO END.

I GOTTA WRITE THIS DOWN...

LUCKY-ASS SEIJUN SUZUKI MOTHER-FUCKER--

...

LUTHER YOU OLD DEVIL...

CASANOVA QUINN ARCTIC MANHUNT MURDERSUIT

SHIT.
SHIT.
SHIT.
SH--

CHO!

JESUS!

FINALLY.

DIT- DIT- DIT -DAHDAHDAH- DIT- DIT--

LUTHER.

DESMOND.

FUCKING DIAMOND.

..."DIT." WASN'T A SONG. IT WAS AN S.O.S....

...A MAYDAY...

WHO GIVES A *FUCK*, LUTHER? YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO RECORD IT.

...!

SUKI BOUTIQUE. *NAOMI.*

I CAN SEE THE FUTURE AND I PROMISE YOU THIS: *YOU DO NOT DIE TODAY.*

THAT SAID?

I KNOW WHO YOUR FATHER IS. AND I KNOW WHERE HE IS.

AND HE DIES WHENEVER I CHOOSE. YOU TOUCH LUTHER-- YOU MOVE A DAMN *MUSCLE*--

--THE LAST THING HE'LL HEAR BEFORE I BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT IS YOUR NAME.

OKAY, SPACEMAN. OKAY.

SO WHAT NEXT?

WHO KNOWS? GO OPEN THAT *CASINO* YOU ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT. GET *DRUNK* AND FLIP *SKIRTS* FOR KICKS.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION?

YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANY OF US AGAIN.

WELL.

ALMOST.

GOODBYE, NAOMI. LIVE A GOOD LIFE.

AND SHE DID.

9. YOU'RE JUST A PRODUCT OF THE TIMES

AGAIN UP THAT GODDAMN MOUNTAIN

HE WAS HERE.

HE WAS HERE AND I'M TOO LATE.

KLEPTOMIK.

KAITO.

XENO.

TIME TRAVEL DOES NO GOOD IF YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE...

AW, MAN--

--THE FUCKING ROBOT COULD FLY, TOO...?

KAITO?

KAITO, MAN.

C'MON.

I FEAR PAIN.

MORE THAN ANYTHING. ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

I FEAR PAIN MORE THAN ANYTHING AND I HAVE LIVED MY LIFE IN CONCENTRATED EFFORT TO ASSIDUOUSLY AVOID IT.

I DO NOT FEAR LOSS. I FEAR THE PAIN ATTENDANT TO LOSING; I SUPER-IMPOSE PUNISHMENT ATOP IT.

THAT'S HARDLY LIVING AT ALL, IS IT?

"AND AS I AM NOT LIVING, I AM A THING THAT IS *NOT ALIVE.*".

"I RESIGN. EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

"I AM THE *GUN* ON THE MANTEL."

KLACK KLACK KLA KLACK KLACK KLACK K

"DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, DAD, AND DON'T TELL ME WHAT I *CAN* AND *CAN'T* DO--

"I AM LEADBELLY'S *KNIFE.*"

"YOU--N.E.T.W.O.R.K.--*ALL* OF IT, EVERYTHING--I'M *FINISHED.* I'M *THROUGH.*"

"READY AT LAST TO BE FIRED. READY AT LAST TO CUT OUT THE LIAR'S HEART."

"IF YOU EVER RAISE A *FINGER* TO FIND ME--EVERY SINGLE SECRET I *KNOW* GOES PUBLIC EVERYWHERE *ALL* AT ONCE."

SUKI--

FINE, MS. BOUTIQUE, THANK YOU FOR YOUR *SERVICE.*

DISMISSED.

YOU *TOO,* EMIL. I'M TAKING OVER PERMANENT COMMAND OF *N.E.T.W.O.R.K.* UNTIL THIS AWFUL CRISIS IN SPACETIME HAS PASSED AND THE QUINTESSENCE RETURNS TO *OPTIMAL.*

I AM IN CONTROL OF ALL THINGS N--

SIR!

SIR! CATASTROPHE! THE PRESENT! *NEW YORK!*

MOTHER-*FUCKER.*

BACK WHERE WE STARTED

SWEET HOT FANCY *FUCK*, MAN--

SHH.

I KNOW IT *LOOKS IT*...

"... BUT OPERATING A MACHINE OF THIS CALIBER WHILE EXERCISING A NEAR-TOTAL NIHILISTIC DISCONNECT ISN'T *EASY*."

DANIEL *RADBOURN*. 40 YEARS OLD. GAY; NEVER CAME OUT.

FAUSTO *SAN REMO*. 48 YEARS OLD. METS FAN.

ROMAN *SWAN*. 28 YEARS OLD. WORST MC IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS.

LATOYA *PARIS*. 17 YEARS OLD. LIFE PLAN: WIN AMERICA'S GOT MODELS.

HELEN *STEIN*. 17 YEARS OLD. DREW HORSES WELL. NEVER RODE ONE.

WHATAREYOUDOINGWHATAREYOUDOING--?

AHH-- KAITO-- YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THE OLD ASPIDISTRA FLYING HERE--

NO. LOOK--

THAT'S YOUR JOB FROM THIS POINT.

I'M MOVING ON TO *PHASE TWO.*

SHE *DIED* WHILE I WORE THIS.

AND I... I...

WE'RE DOOMED.

DOOMED AND SUPERFUCKED.

SO ARE WE ALL!

--I AM THE KNIFE--

EEEE

SHIT SHIT SHIT--

HELP.

I'M AN AGENT OF E.M.P.I.R.E., JUST LOOK.

--THE *FUCK* YOU GONNA ESCAPE FROM *THIS ONE*, HOUDINI?

WATCH:

HOLY SHIT HE CRASHED THE *ROBOT.*

WHAT'D HE *HIT?* *CASUALTIES?* HOW BIG A *BUILDING?*

NO, NO-- IT SORTA WOBBLED AND HIT THE STREET...

WHY WOULD HE JUST CRASH HIS GIANT ROBOT?

WE JUST DON'T HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO PLAY FUCK-FUCK WITH IT, CASS. THE *LACUNA* WILL JUST EAT *EVERYTHING.*

YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO GET ONE SHOT AT THIS AND EVEN THEN...

...EVEN THEN I'LL HAVE TO FIND YOU ALL OVER AGAIN. NO GUARANTEES COMING OR...

...CASS?

THE FUCKING DÉJÀ VU OF IT ALL...

LUTHER?

YEAH.

DO YOU GUYS KNOW WHY I WOULD WRITE "*MONDAY*" ON MY PALM? *THINK* THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS BUT MY WRITING'S SO

FLIH

MMOUHHHHH UUHHNNDAAYYYYS

I DON LIK MUHHND

WHAT WAS *THAT?*

MULTISTATE ONSET BY HYPERORIENTATION AT INTERSECT POINTS OF CHRONAL-VERTICES.

MAYDAY.

YOU WROTE "*MAYDAY,*" LUTHER.

"MAYDAY."

Mayday

HE'S *HERE,* THEN. THE ONLY CARD HE HAS LEFT TO PLAY IS *TOTAL ENTROPIC COLLAPSE.*

IT'S OKAY I DON'T EVER KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT, RIGHT? BECAUSE I DON'T.

SASA WILL GET YOU HOME, OKAY? AND THEN...

...

ALL THOSE XENOS I KILLED AND I NEVER GOT THE ONE THAT MATTERED.

LUTHER... IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME.

I DON'T-- WHAT?

ARE WE BREAKING UP?

PICK A PLACE, LUTHER. ANY-WHERE IN THE WORLD.

PICK ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD AND WHISPER IT IN MY EAR.

YOU'LL BE THE PERSON WHO KNOWS WHERE I'M GOING. THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL KNOW.

BUT-- BUT WHAT IF I TURN OUT TO BE THE *EVIL GUY?*

JUST... DON'T.

I *TRUST* YOU, LUTHER.

CASS, THERE'S NO TIME--

IT'S A GODDAMN *TIME MACHINE,* SASA, HOW CAN THERE NOT BE TIME?

IT'S A GODDAMN *SPACETIME MACHINE, CASS,* AND THERE'S NO TIME *LEFT* FOR US HERE.

WHO WINS IN A RACE TO GET *FUCKED TO INFINITY* FIRST?

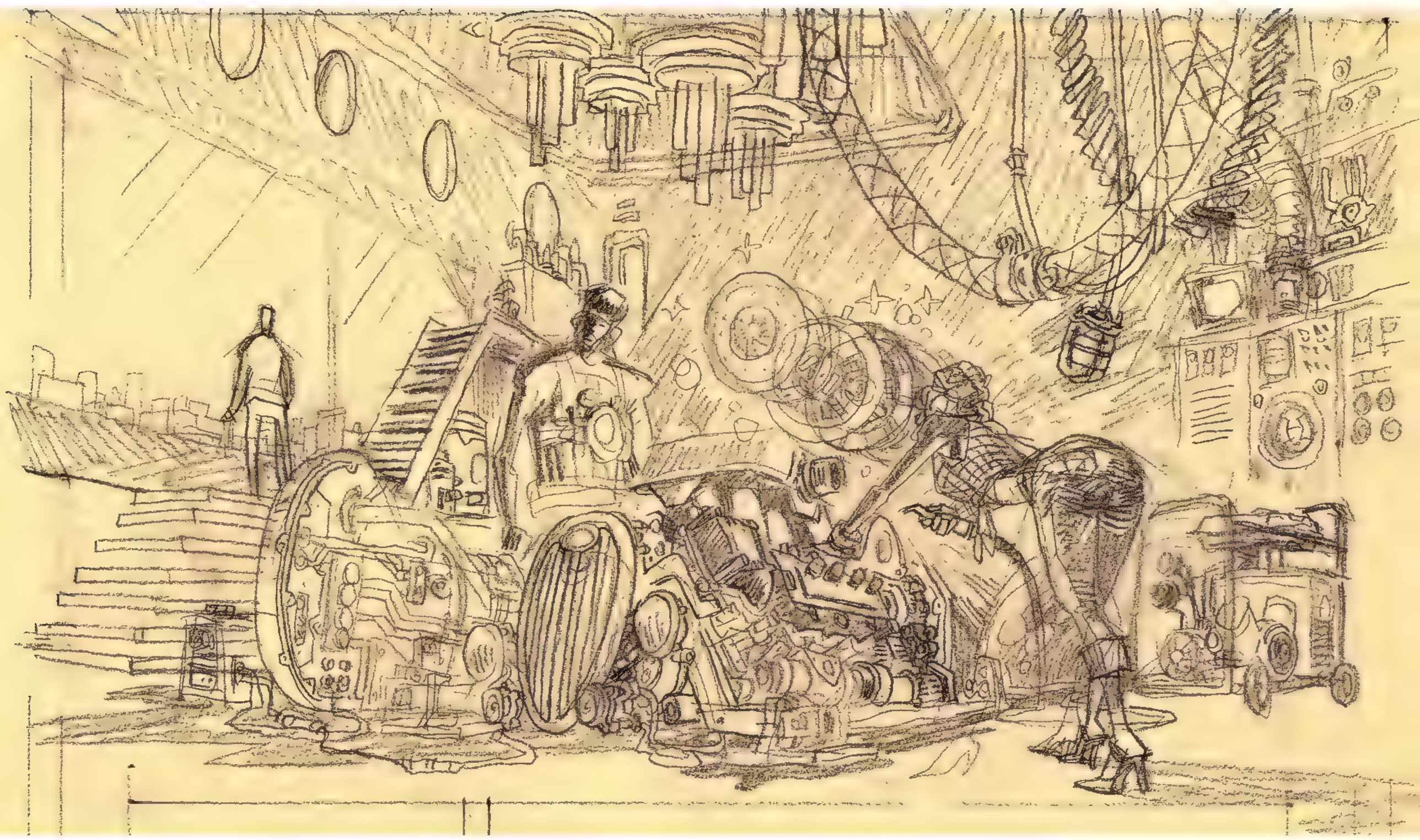
DOESN'T MATTER BECAUSE EVERYBODY GETS *FUCKED TO INFINITY...*

LET'S.

GET.

FUCKED.

Mayday



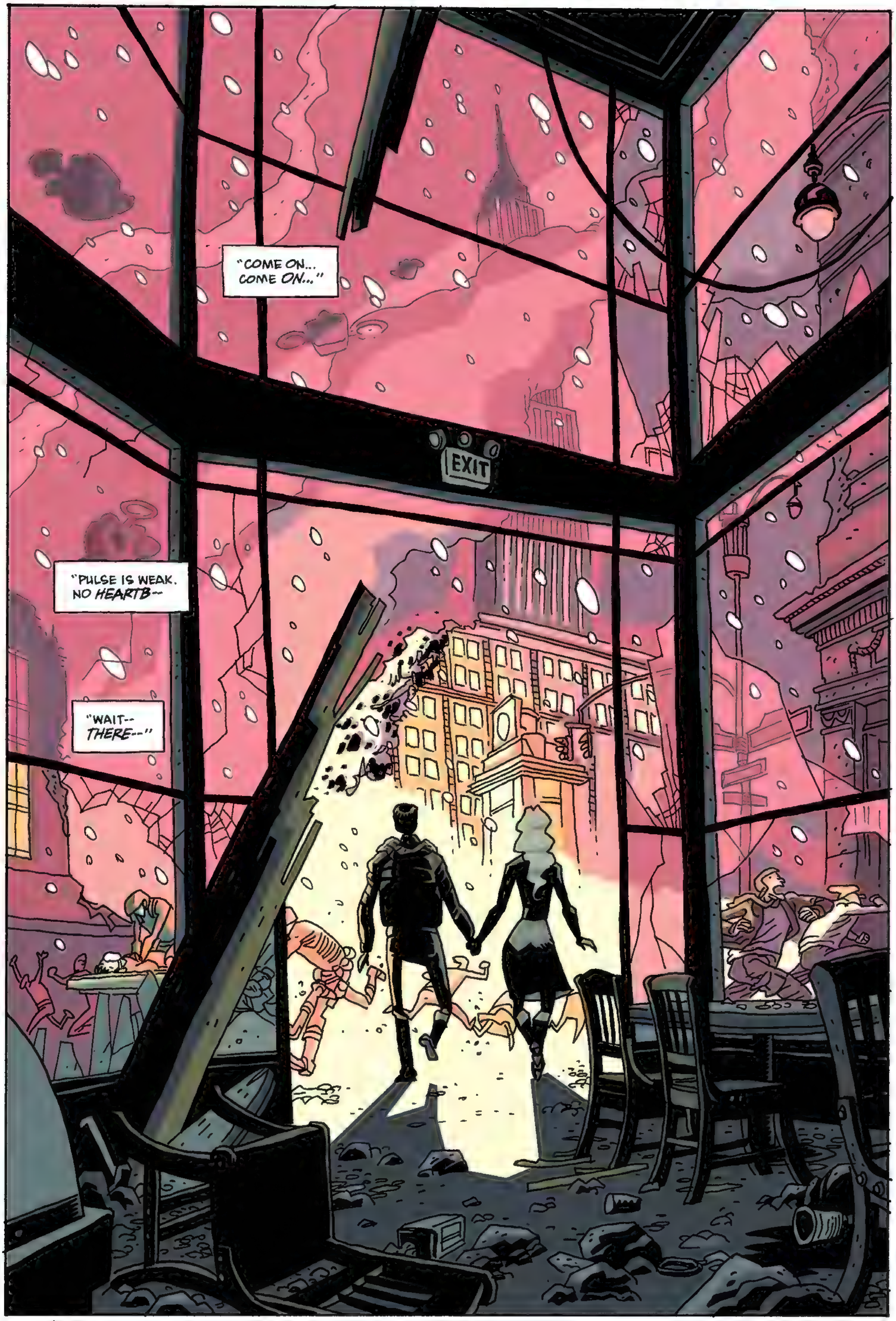
W.A.S.T.E.-FREE WILDERNESS

WHAT IF IT'S NEVER ENOUGH

HARM REDUCTION

RELAXED IN PERSON

10. CAMERAS IN BROOKLYN



GOOD-- TWO-- THREE--

--C'MON C'MON--

RECKONER, WE GOT A CODE WHITE DOWN HERE COMING IN FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION--

"ROGER THAT MEDTEAM DELTA WE'VE GOT BAY 26 OPEN AND PREPPED.

"PLEASE ADVISE IN-FLIGHT ANY SPECIFICS."

OKAY WE'RE IN--

--GO GO GO--

UNNECESSARY.

EG

W

WUH

WULLLLLLL...

YOU FUGGDDIT UP. ARE YOUUU'LIVE?

YESH.

SHINK I CAN' MOVPH.

YEAHYR... YR...

SHKWER'D.

CAN' BELEAF WE FUUGGDDITUP AF'ER THA LITTLE DUDE JUM'DOUT.

W'SLIKE... JUM, BANG, CRASH, *FUGGED.*

HADDA LOTTA... WHASHITS...

GREA EXPEKASHIONS F'RUS MAN. FUG.

HAN' ON, MAN.

GONNA TRYTA JUSH...

PUSH BUTTONS. SHE WUH HAPPENSH.

"INCOMING, YOU DICKBAGS."

GOOD NEWS *BAD NEWS*, GANG.

I RUN *E.M.P.I.R.E.* I RUN *N.E.T.W.O.R.K.* AND I'M BRINGIN' 'EM ALL TOGETHER IN A GREAT BIG OLD-FASHIONED TRANS-TIME INFRA-DIMENSIONAL SUPERSPY *GANGBANG*.

SURPRISE: THE LITTLE BOY THAT *COULD* FUCKING *DID*.

THE TWO OF YOU DISMANTLED EVERYTHING I HAD. EVERYTHING I EVER WAS. EVERYTHING I HAD MADE.

FOR *SPORT*.

THAT WAS A LIFE-TIME, TWO MINISERIES AND A WHOLE OTHER *PUBLISHER* AGO, SEYCHELLE.

AND IT WAS JUST *BUSINESS*.

I AM *SO* FUCKING LOST RIGHT NOW.

HI, I'M CHARLES DICKENS, BECAUSE, WHY NOT? SEYCHELLE'S RAMBLING ABOUT STUFF FROM THE *FIRST* CASANOVA STORYLINE "*LUXURIA*," EITHER #4, #2, OR THE COLLECTION, OF WHICH THERE WERE... UH... THREE?

ANYWAY SEYCHELLE HAD HIS OWN THING, AND *E.M.P.I.R.E.* AND *W.A.S.T.E.* BOTH CLOSED IT DOWN.

I WROTE *GREAT EXPECTATIONS!* FUCK YOU!

PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP, BOYS.

IT'S A REAL MOTHERFUCKER.

(SOUNDS OF SCREAMING)

(SOUNDS OF SO MUCH SCREAMING)

(SOUNDS OF SHIT NOT WORKING ANYMORE)

FUCK.

FUCK YOU GUYS.

SABINE SEYCHELLE.

DON'T LOOK BEHIND YOU.

WHY SHOULDN'T I--

--AHH--

REMEMBER:

SEYCHELLE.

ARE YOU REMEMBERING TO STAY HYDRATED?

OH GOD

M.O.T.T.A.M.I.M.O.T.T.A.M.I.M.O

T.

A.

M.

I.

D.

O.

O.

M.

--MOTHER--

SASA LISI YOU FUCKING *BITCH*--

--AFTER HIM...*YOU*.

THIS IS IT. THIS IS US.

OUT OF TIME.

WHAT DID YOU JUST PUT IN--

aah.

SO I JUST PUSH IT OR--

AAAAAAAAAAAA

WELL THEN.

GUESS THAT'S THAT.

HEY, FREE UKULELE.

"NOW I AM BECOME DEATH, DESTROYER OF WORLDS."

"NOW WE ARE ALL SONS OF BITCHES."

OH GOD. OHHH GOD. OH--

JESUS CHRIST, KAITO--??

SOMETHING HAPPENED IN THE EVACUATION SHUTTLE. THE PRESSURE. THERE WAS-- SOMETHING POPPED INSIDE.

WHERE'S CORNELIUS QUINN.

KAITO, I... YOU...

CORNELIUS. WHERE.

I CAN KILL A WHOLE LOT OF PEOPLE--

OR TWO.

HE... I... HOSPICE SUITE 9.

I'M SO SORRY.

(UNQUALIFIABLE SOUND)

HEY

RUBY.

...CASANOVA?

YEAH, YEAH, BUT KEEP IT *DOWN*, PRETTY LADY. SORTA NOT SUPPOSED TO BE *HERE* ANYMORE...

I *KNOW*, CASS-- EVERYBODY'S LOOKING FOR YOU AND YOUR *DAD* ISN'T DOING WELL--

--*SEYCHELLE* IS RUNNING IT ALL INTO THE TOILET AND--

--OH CASS *KAITO* IS HERE AND HE'S GOING TO KUH--

--HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO *KILL*--

I KNOW. I'LL STOP HIM.

EVERYBODY ON THIS SHIP WANTS ME *DEAD*, THOUGH, SO FIRST...

HELP ME WITH A DISGUISE?

DIT DIT DIT

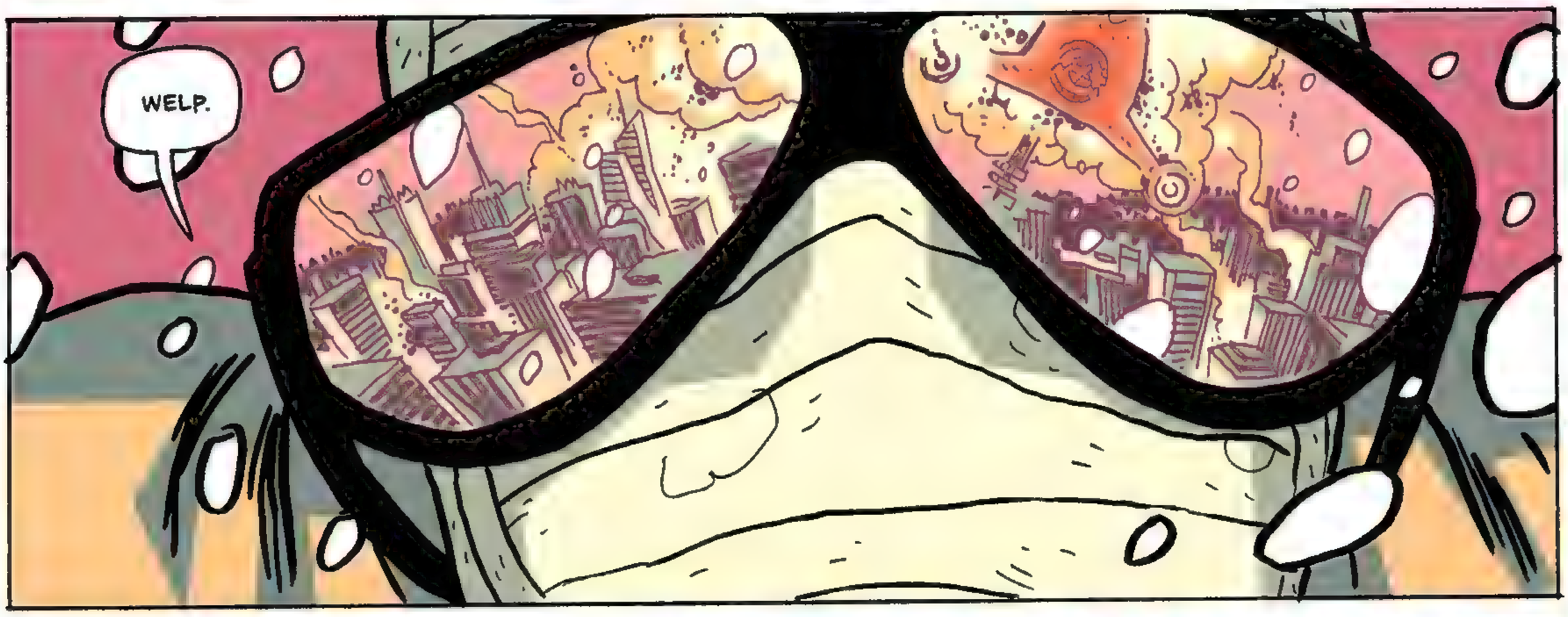
DAH DAH DAH

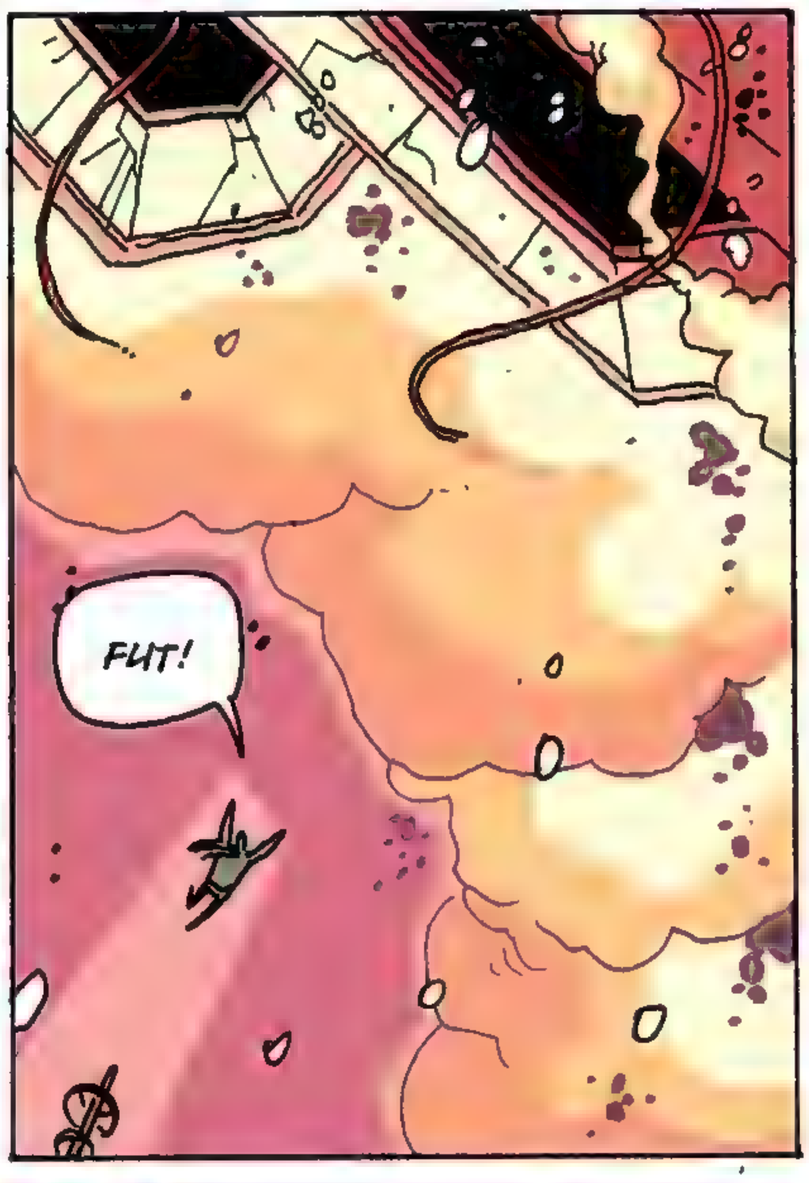
DIT DIT DIT...

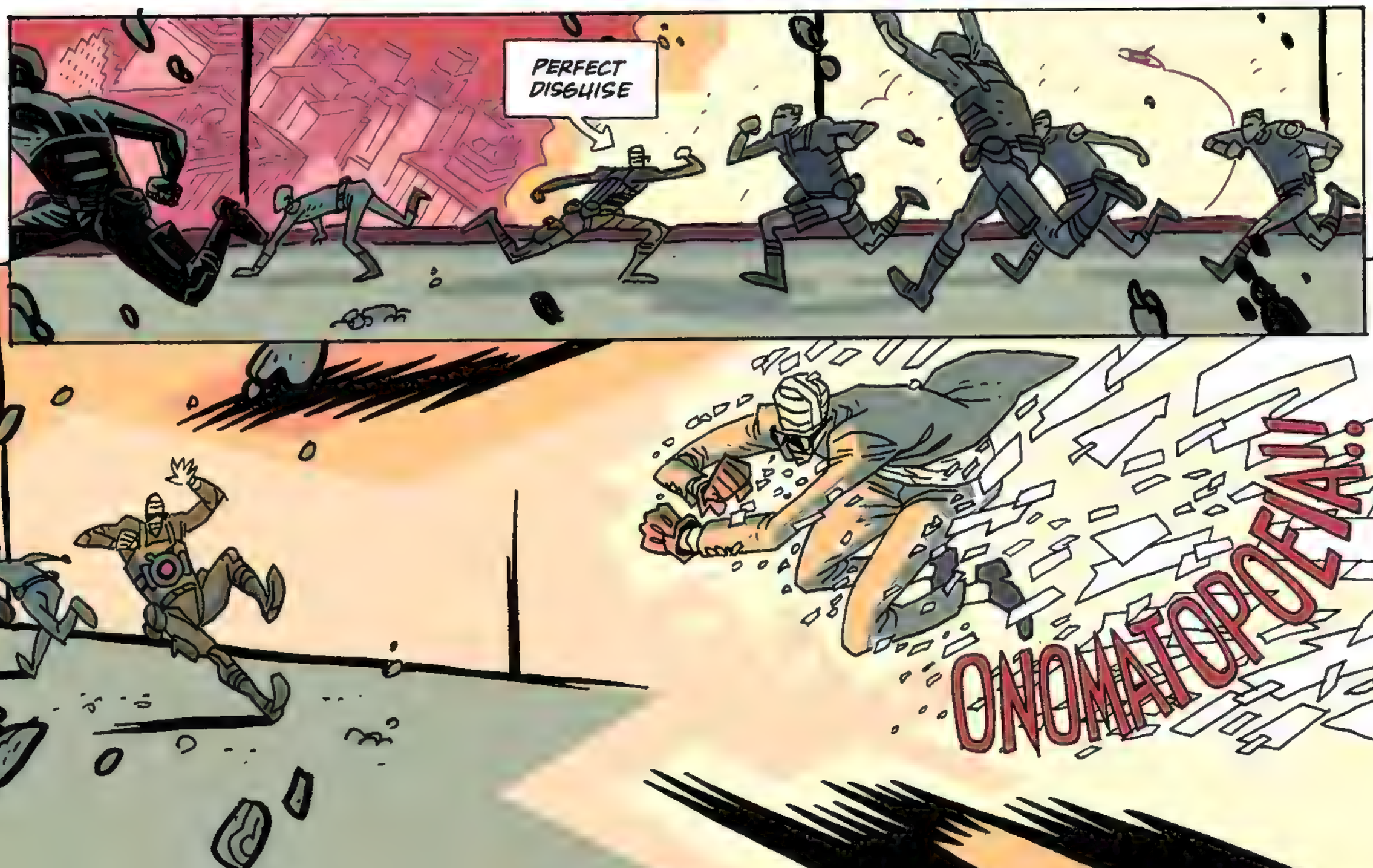
MAYDAY, MOTHER-FUCKERS.

MAYDAY...

11. PEOPLE ARE TURNING TO GOLD







SWEET HOT MR. *MUSTARD* YOU'RE SLIPPERIER THAN AN EEL-SKIN DILDO, Y'KNOW THAT, KID?

BUT I CAUGHT UP WITH YOU.

YEAH, I'M KIND OF ON TO THE NEXT THING NOW.

THE HELL YOU ARE!

YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE OF ME. EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE, I'LL COUNTER, EVERY GAMBIT, I'LL *BEAT.*

OUR GAME GOES ON FOREVER.

Y'KNOW, WHEN I WAS A KID I HAD THIS BASEBALL GAME, THIS VIDEO GAME THING. I WAS THE *CUBS.*

AND, AND-- AND THE *CUBS* HAVEN'T WON SHIT IN, LIKE, A HUNDRED YEARS. TERMINAL UNDERDOGS. UNTIL I CAME ALONG.

PERFECT SEASON. RIGHT UP TO GAME FOUR OF THE WORLD SERIES. THEN I STOPPED.

I SAVED IT THERE AND NEVER CAME BACK.

YOU'RE A *FUCKING IDIOT.*

YOU'RE A GODDAMN PUSSY.

ASTRONAUT.

I'M A GODDAMN *ASTRONAUT.*

NONE OF YOU GET AWAY CLEAN.

Sshhhhk

kkghhahh. Hhahhh.

HELLO.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

GGRRAAAHH-!!

HHEEF

CHA!

CHAAA

!

FFK

HAH!

NO.

WHOOP...

HAH!

GGG

GRRR

rrraaakk

Yoink!

HA

GUURK

NNNyyyyAAA

ddjjah

YOU.

YOU.

NNN.

FUG YOU TOO.

HEH.

"EVIL WILL PREVAIL"?

FUCK YOU. I'M--

RAAAARRRRNGGHH!!

ptoo

YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT *ANY* OF THIS.

KNOCK IT FUCKING *OFF.*

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

CCCCCCCCCCCCCK*

*CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PANEL

OH GOD *DAMMIT--*

QUIT--

--QUIT WIGGLING--

FUCK!

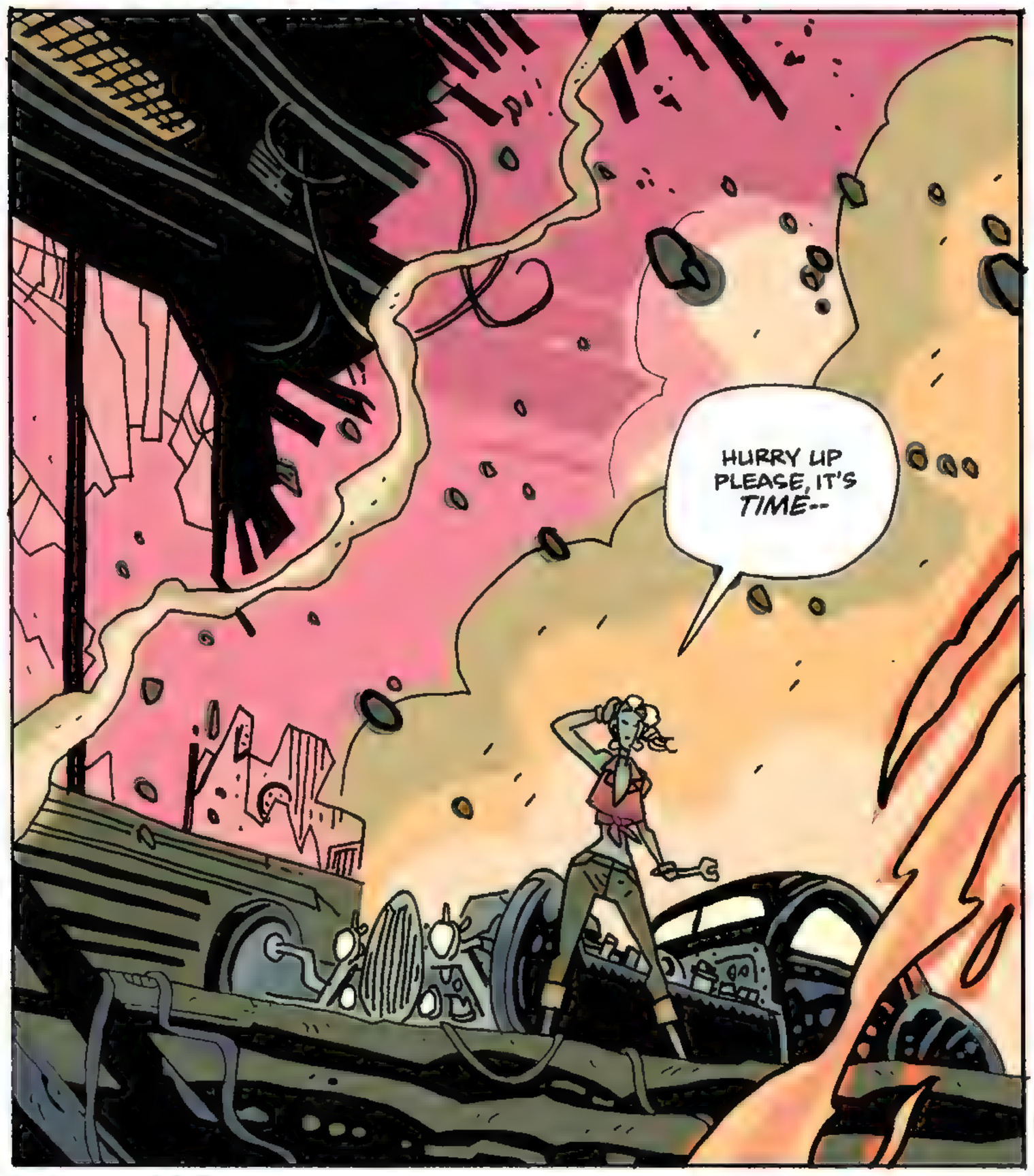
YOU!

NO-- STOP-- I'M TRYING--

--I'M TRYING TO--

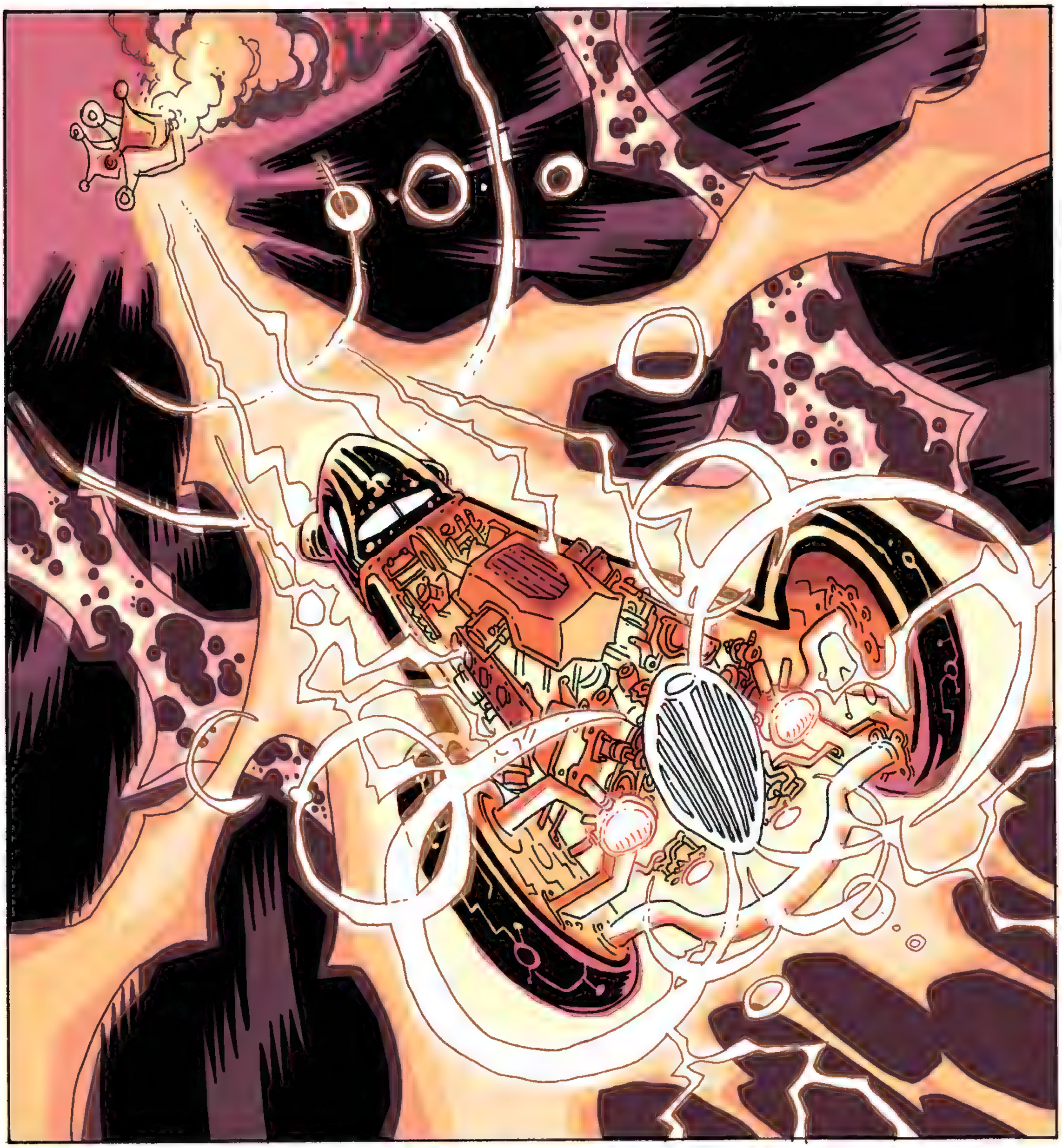
-- IT'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH.

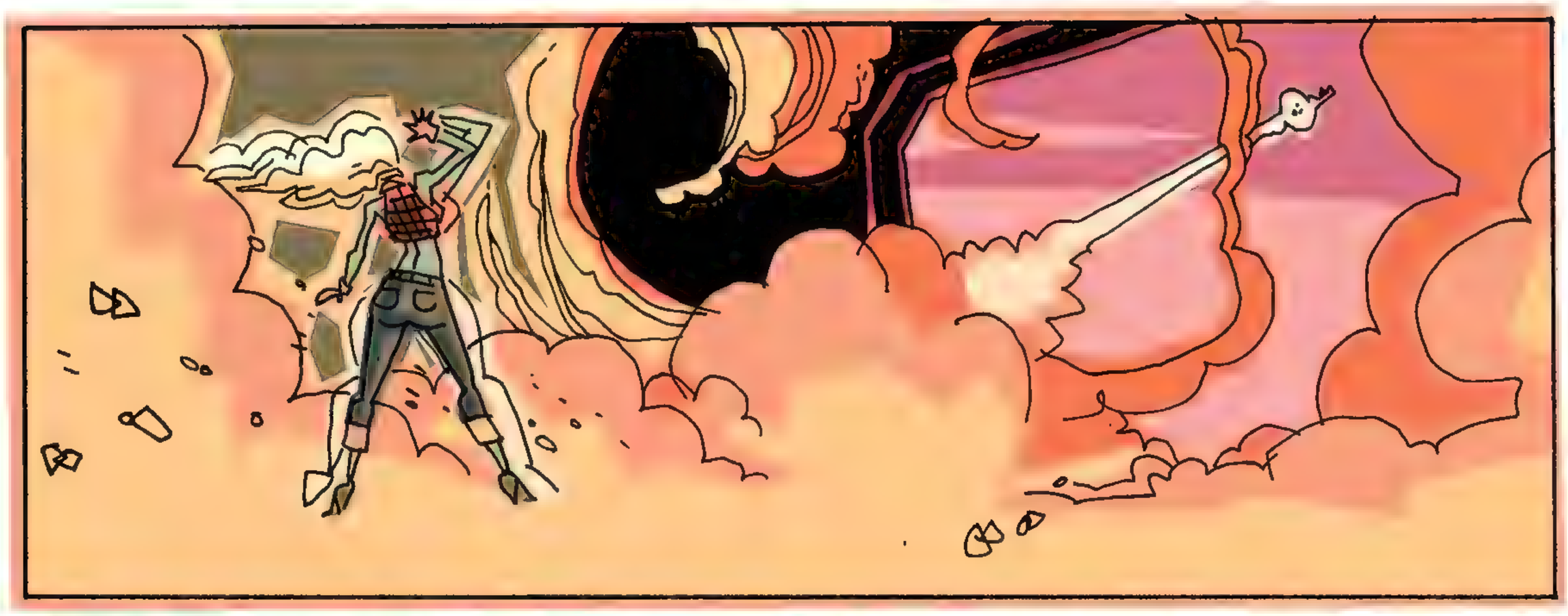
GUESS WE'LL SEE.

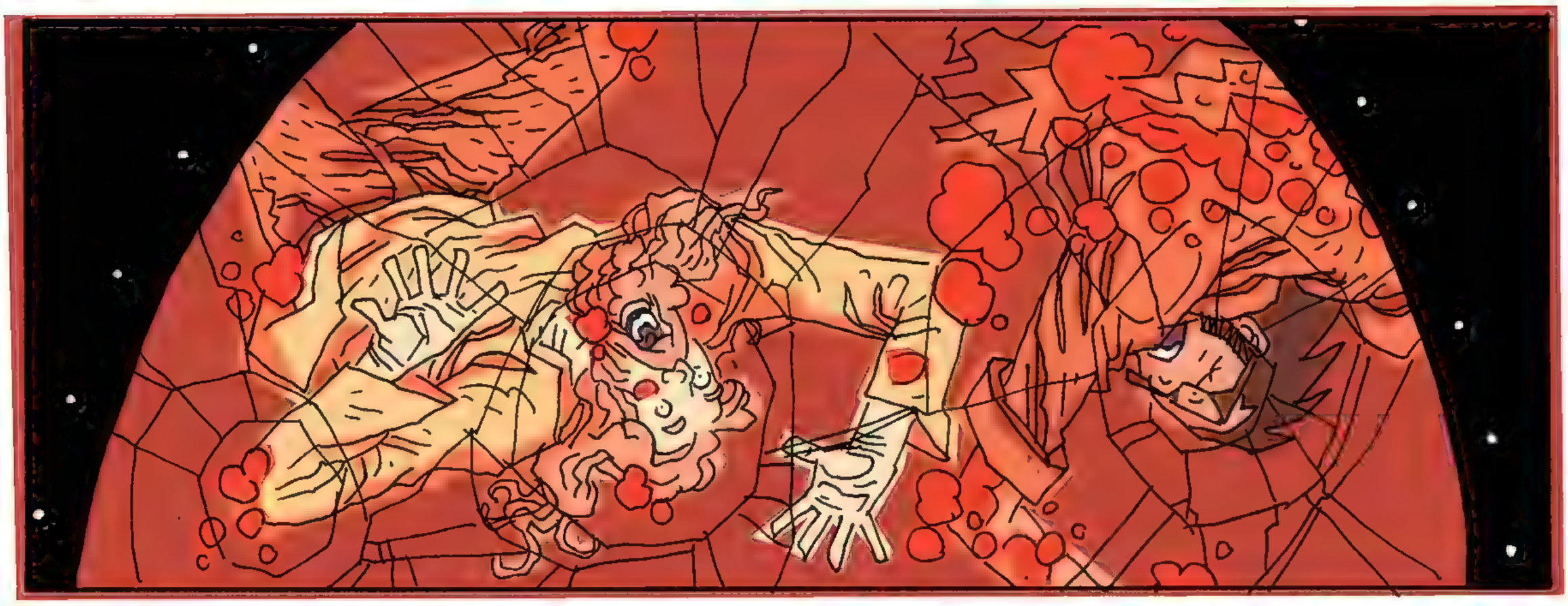


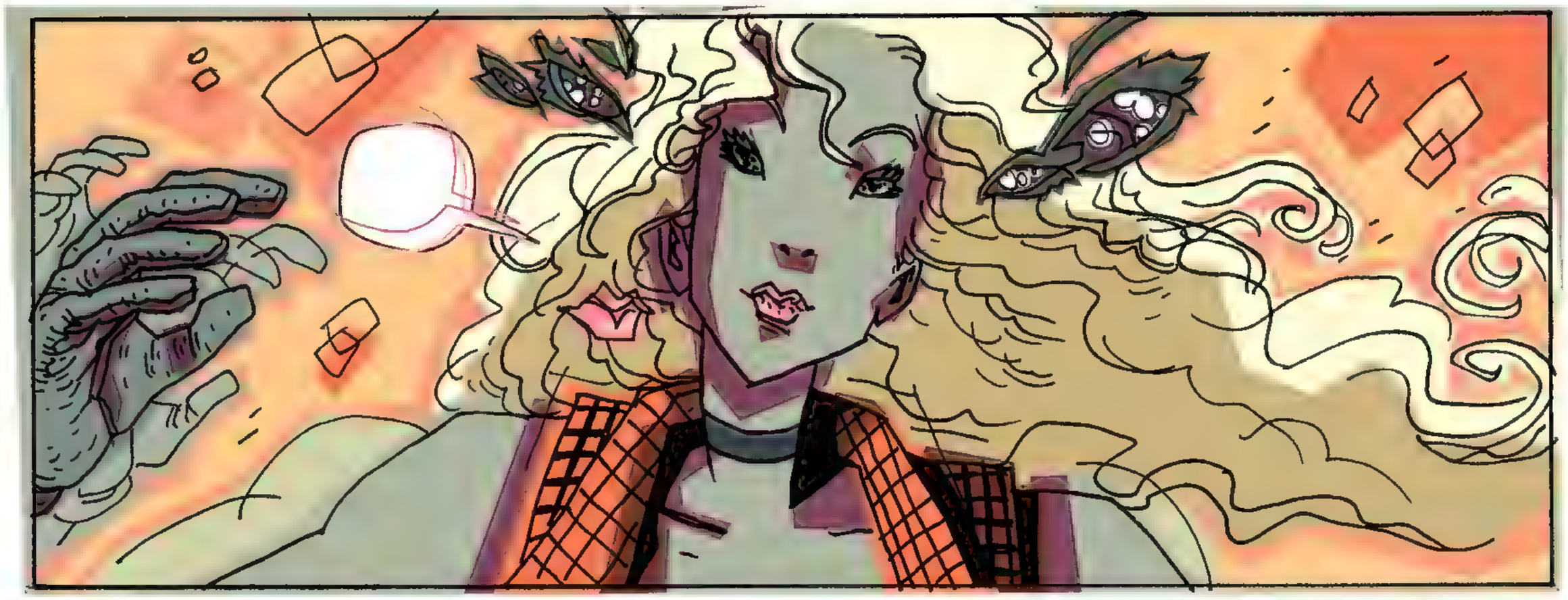
(THE PAIN OF THE PAST IN ITS PASTNESS CONVERTS TO THE FUTURE TENSE OF JOY)

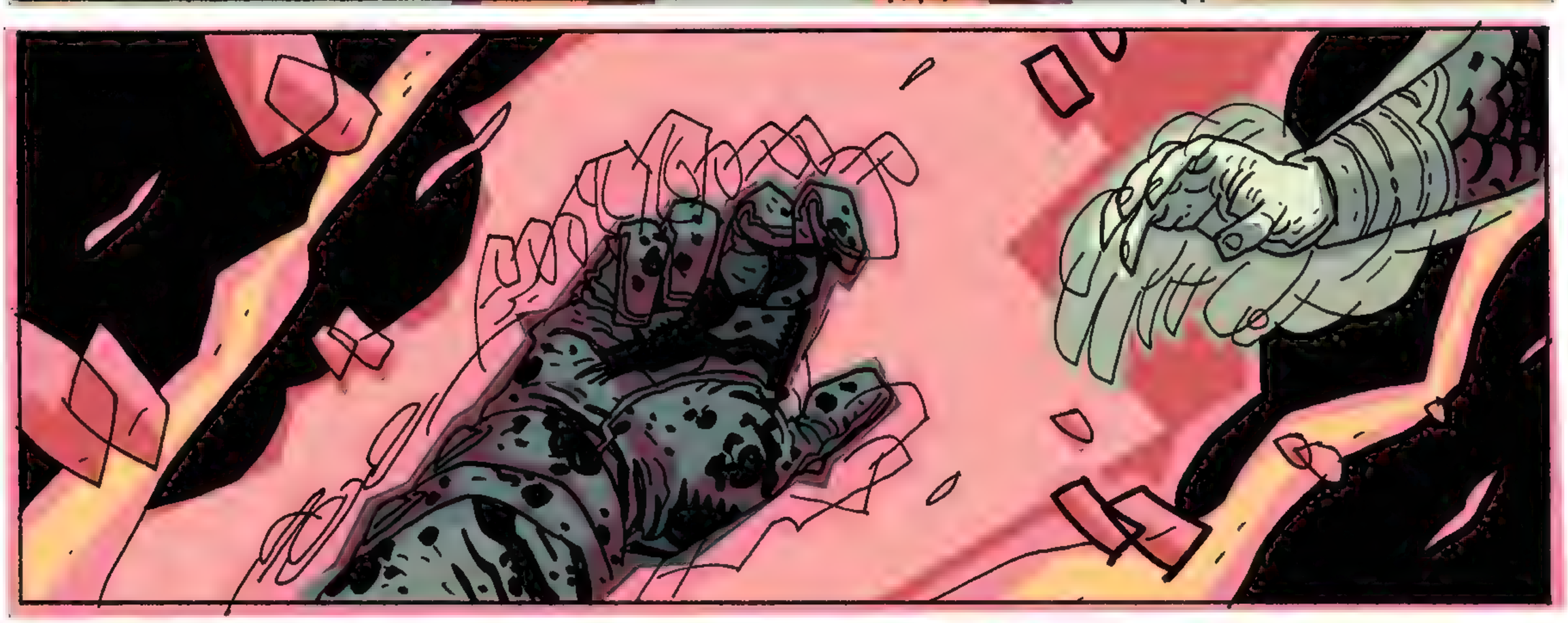
12. WE ARE THE DEAD

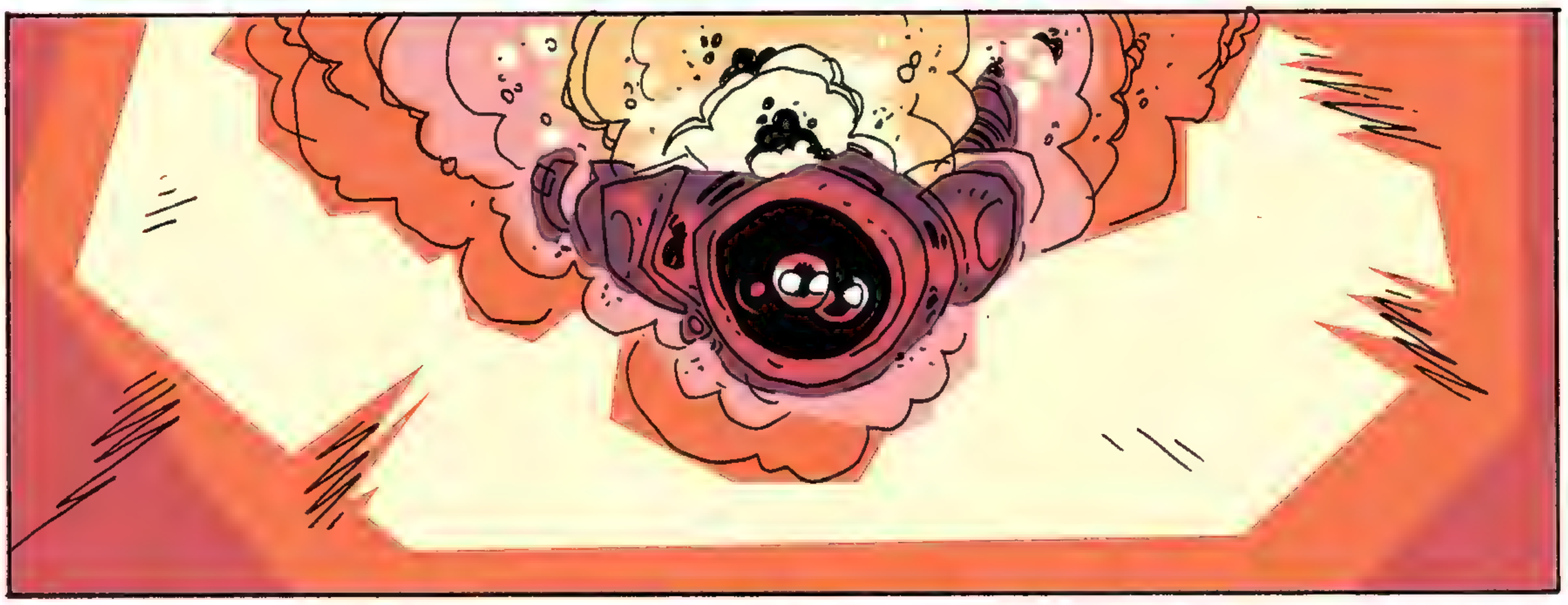


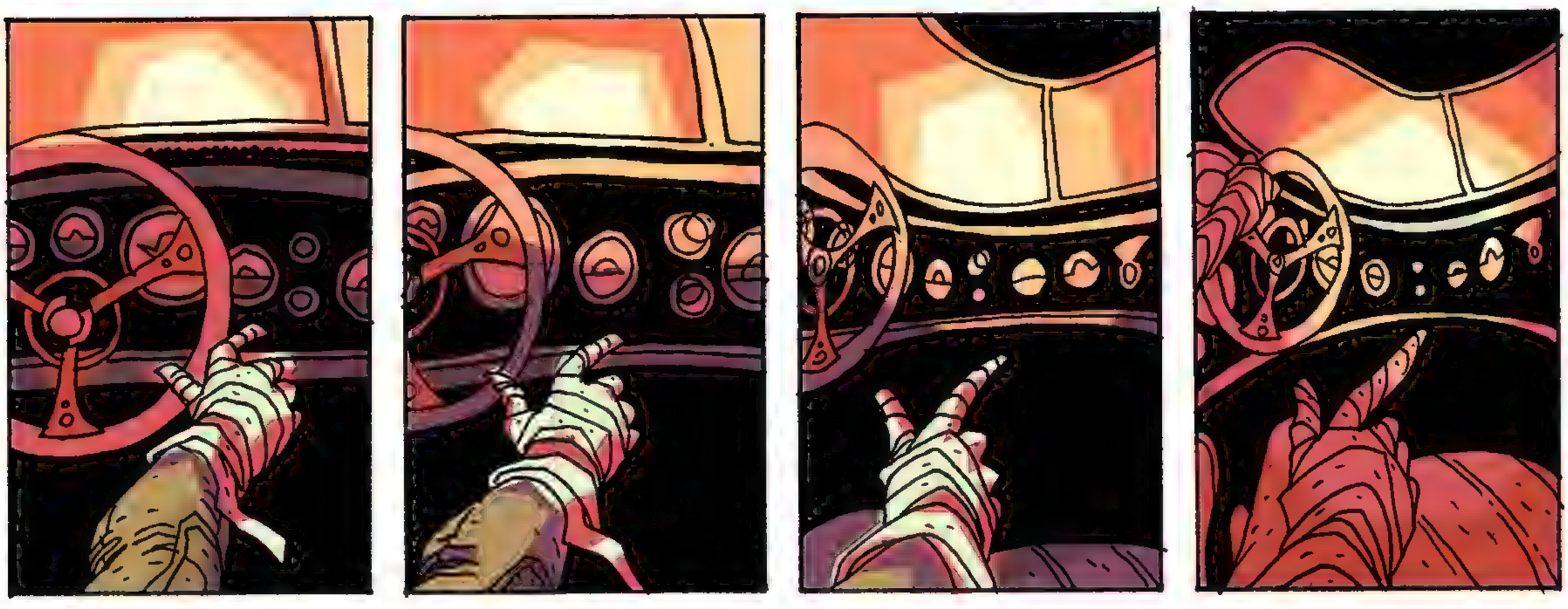


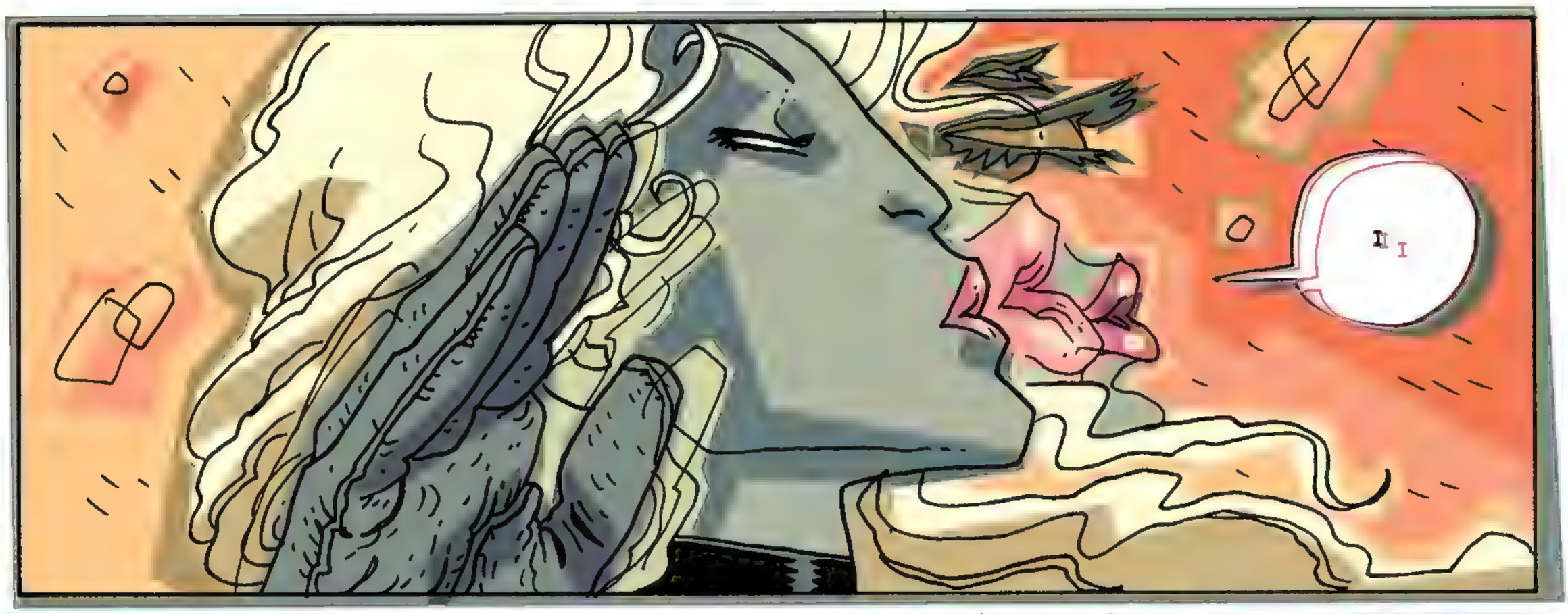








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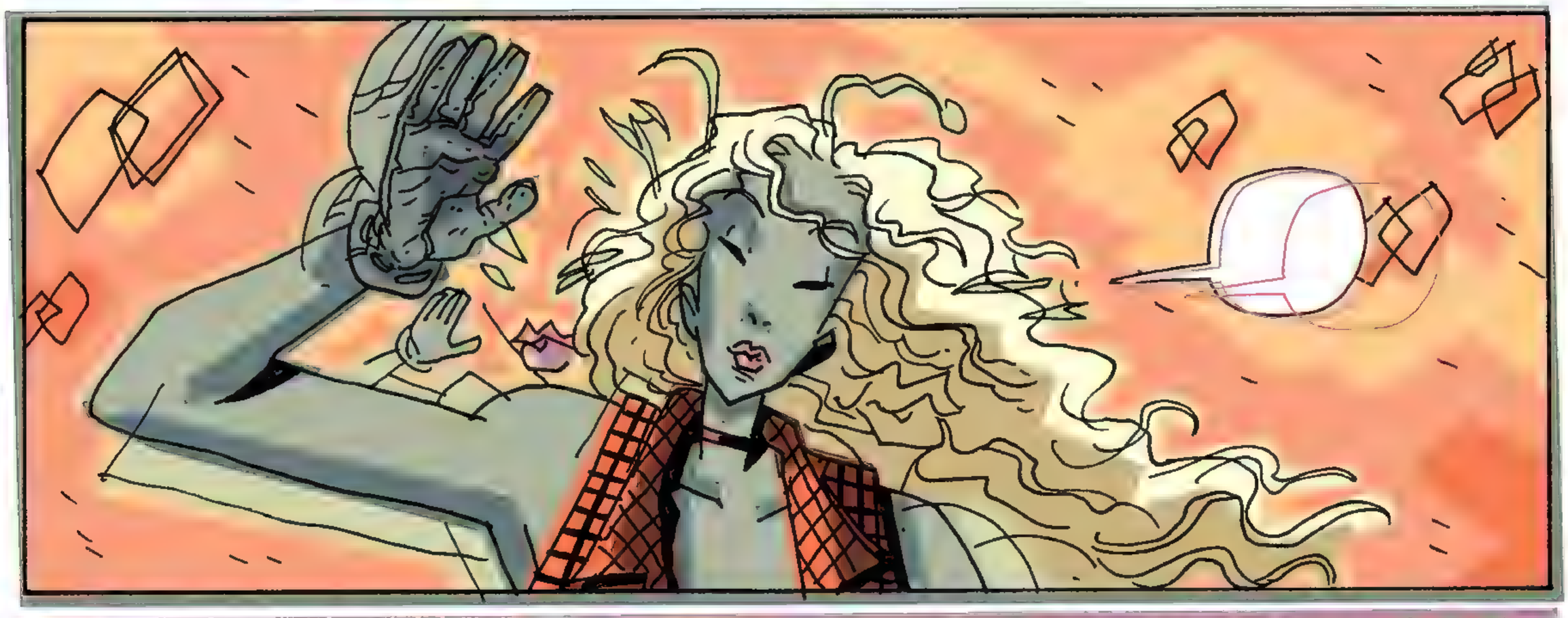
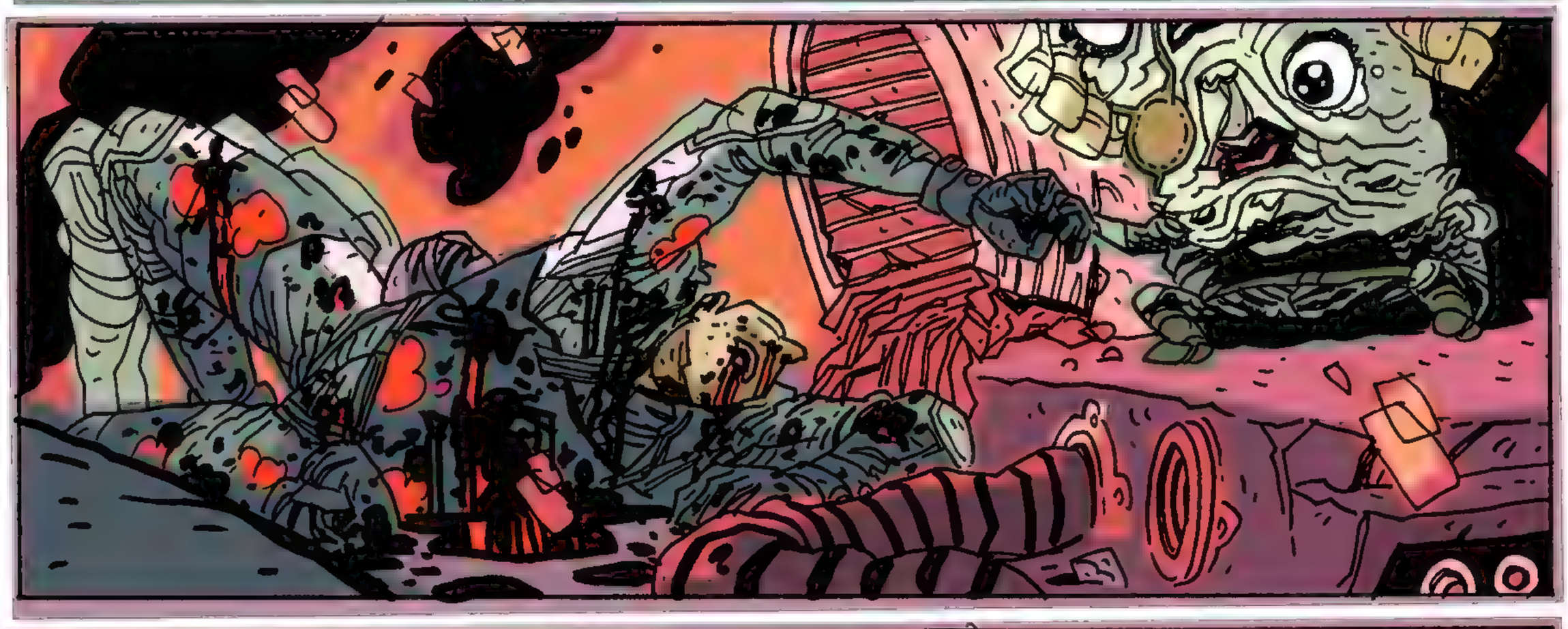
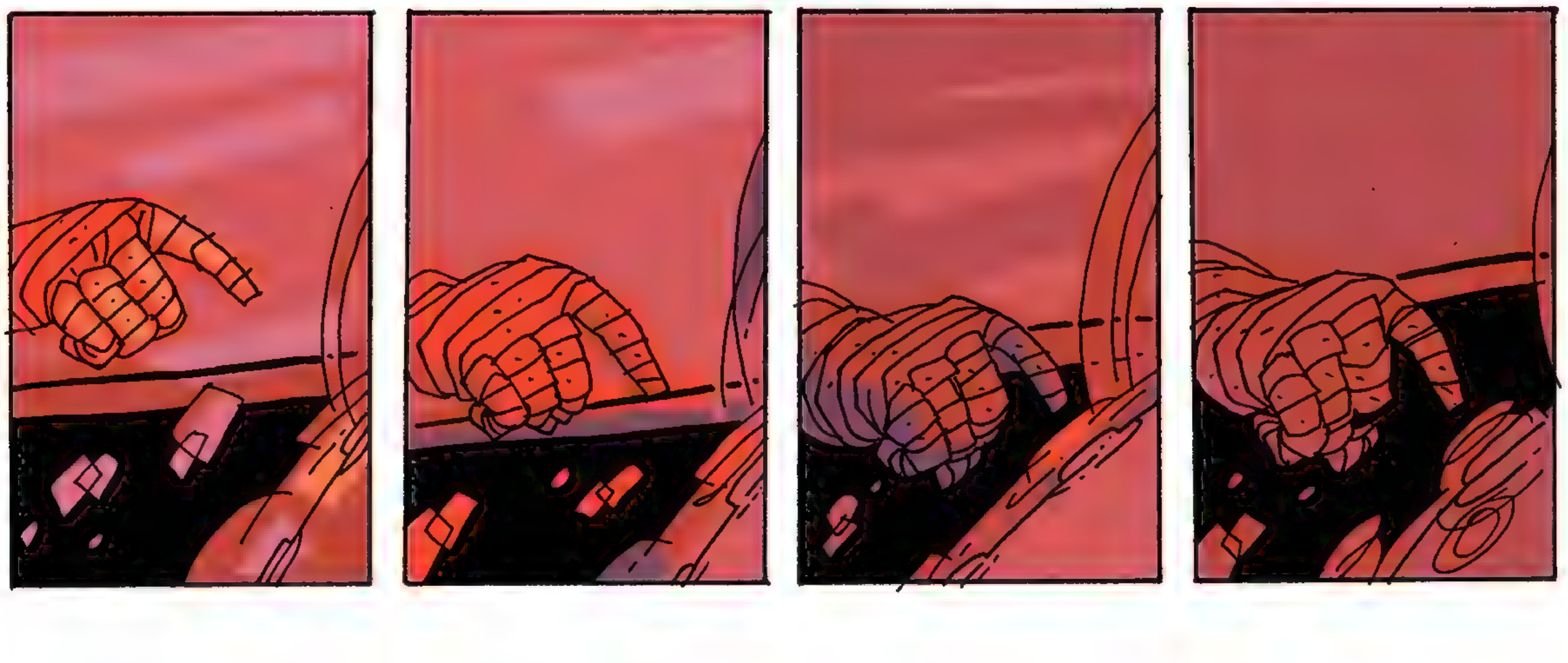
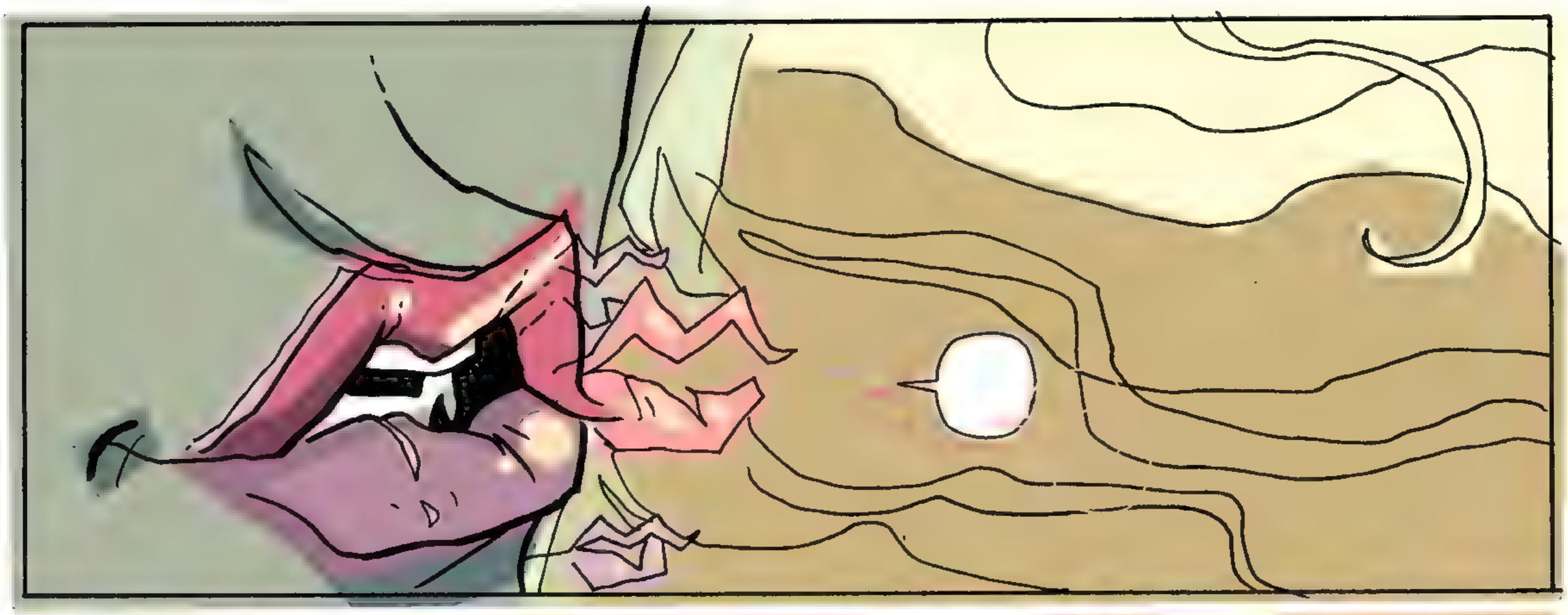








THE END!

I TRIED.

06.93.09.04 63.09:17::07

I LOVE MY JOB.

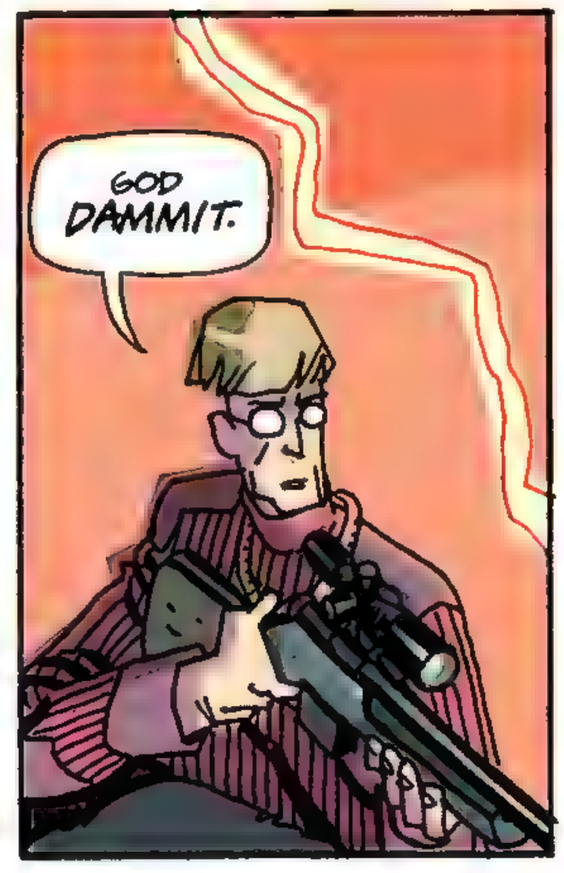
BUT-- IT'S A JOB.

AND, AS AN--

WHAT THE HELL?

Kuh-BWITTSH

CASANOVA
QUINN
V6.93


GOD
DAMMIT.

I WAS AIMING FOR HIS *EYE*.

DAMMIT.

CLOSE, SIR.

FIP!

GRATUITOUS, TRAVIS.

REALLY FUCKING GRATUITOUS.

(SOUND OF SPATIOTEMPORAL HOLOCAUST)

IT'S OKAY, FOLKS.

--EVERYTHING'S OKAY--

--EARTHQUAKE--

--MUST'VE BEEN--

MEH. I'VE SEEN BIGGER--

IT'S OKAY. I GOT YOU.

HAH-- THANKS.

YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH. FREAKED OUT? MY FIRST EARTHQUAKE.

C'MON. LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE, SEE HOW BAD THE DAMAGE IS.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN? YOU FALL IN LOVE?

LET'S FIND OUT.

LOOK.

SOMETHING'S BURNING.

HOLLYWOOD
GABRIEL
BÁ
2012

TEAM CASANOVA HONOR ROLL

Alejandro ARBONA — Editor, CASANOVA: LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Icon Comics reprints and collections, 2010-2012)

Érico ASSIS — Translation: CASANOVA: LUXURIA, GULA (Panini Comics, Brazil edition, 2012, 2014)

Estudio FENIX — Design Group, CASANOVA: LUJURIA (Panini Comics Spain edition, 2011)

Drew GILL — Designer, CASANOVA: LUXURIA (Image Comics collections, 2008, 2014)

Jennifer GRÜNWALD — Designer, LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Icon Comics reprints and collections, 2010-2012), spare Russian bits, salvage and recovery

Gina KAUFMANN — French bits and obscenities, CASANOVA: LUXURIA (Image Comics edition, 2006-2007)

Sean KONOT — Letterer, CASANOVA: LUXURIA (Image Comics edition, 2006-2007)

Laurenn McCUBBIN — Designer, CASANOVA: LUXURIA issues, hardcover & softcover (Image Comics edition)

Willem MEERLOO — Designer, CASANOVA: LUXURIA (Urban Comics France edition, 2012)

Harris MILLER III — Team CASANOVA representation, 2007-2013

Ben RADATZ — E.M.P.I.R.E., W.A.S.T.E., and X.S.M. logo design (2006)

Marco RICOMPENSA — Supervision, CASANOVA: LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Panini Comics Italy editions, 2011-2013)

Benjamin RIVIÉRE — Translation, CASANOVA: LUXURIA (Urban Comics France edition, 2012)

Raúl SASTRE — Translation, CASANOVA: LUJURIA (Panini Comics Spain edition, 2011)

Rosie SHARP — Backmatter transcription, general bedlam (2014)

Andrea TOSCANI — Translation, CASANOVA: LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Panini Comics Italy editions, 2011-2013)

Lucia TRUCCONE — Letterer, LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Panini Comics Italy editions, 2011-2013)

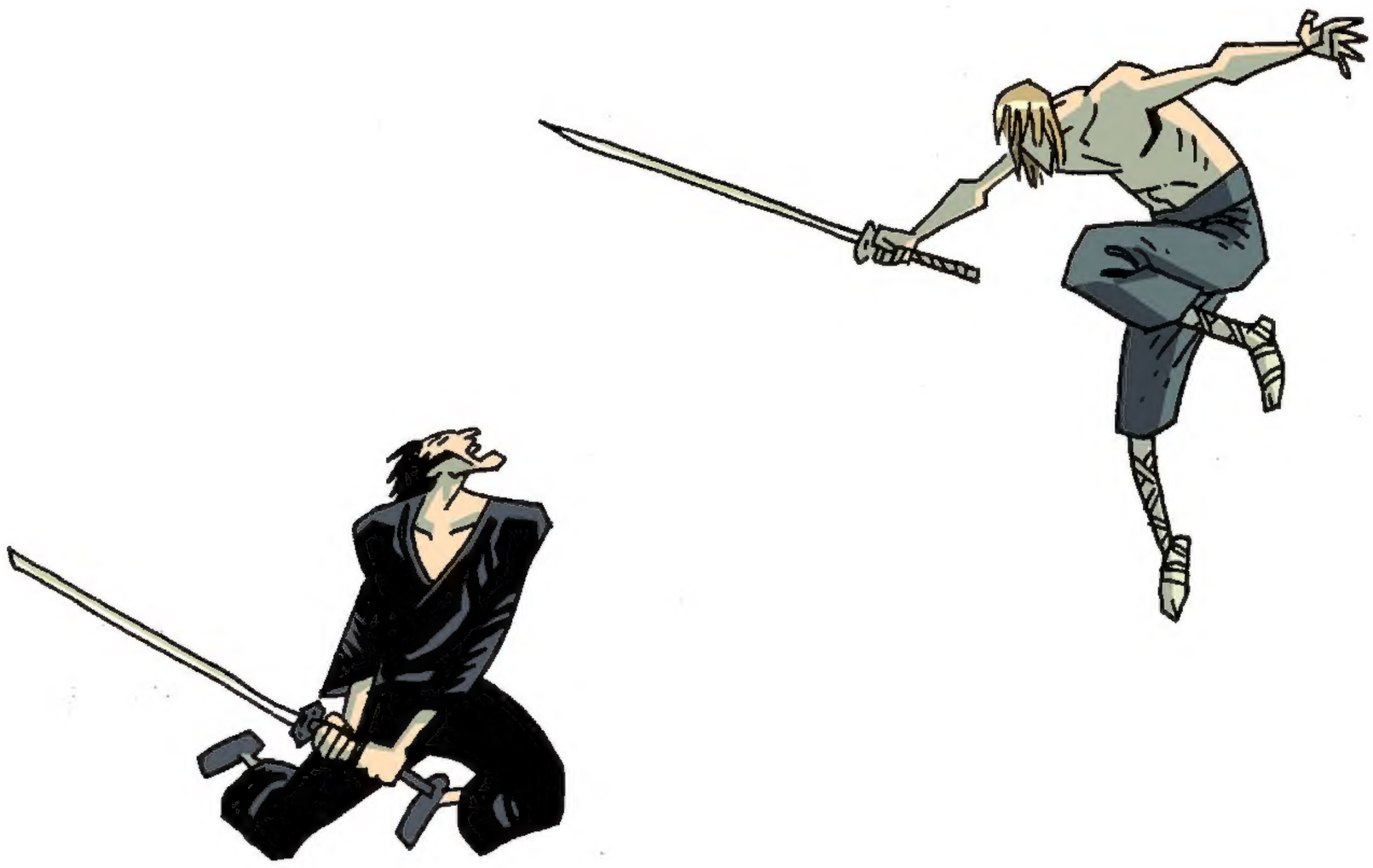
Steve WACKER — Senior Editor, LUXURIA, GULA, AVARITIA (Icon Comics reprints and collections, 2010-2012)

Eric STEPHENSON — Patron Saint

Warren ELLIS — Patron Sinner

Matt Fraction writes comic books out in the woods and lives with his wife, the writer Kelly Sue DeConnick, his two children, a dog, a cat, a bearded dragon, and a yard full of coyotes and stags. ***SYMBOLISM***. He won the first-ever PEN USA Literary Award for Graphic Novels; he, or comics he's a part of, have won Eisners, Harveys, and Eagles, which are like the Oscars, Emmys, and Golden Globes of comic books and all seem about as likely. He's a *New York Times*-best-selling donkus of comics like *Sex Criminals* (winner of the 2014 Will Eisner Award for Best New Series, the 2014 Harvey Award for Best New Series, and named *TIME Magazine*'s Best Comic of 2013), *Satellite Sam*, *ODY-C*, *Hawkeye* (winner of the 2014 Will Eisner Award for Best Single Issue), and, oh, lordy, so many more. He typed this while non-ironically drinking out of a coffee mug with "Cool Guy" written on it.

Gabriel Bá lives in Brazil. He loves comic books in all forms and shapes and believes everything is possible in comics. But even so, he doesn't see enough comics doing everything that's possible to be done. He truly believes there's still a lot to be done and he thinks this is an incredibly exciting challenge. He worked alongside great professionals like Gerard Way, Mike Mignola, Brian Azzarelo, Matt Fraction (yeah, you) and, most regularly, his twin brother, Fábio Moon. His comics have won awards and a lot of people love them. Well, he loves them too. His work has been published in 13 languages, although he only speaks four of them.



PA-ZOW!

Thanks for reading the digital edition of *Casanova*!

You can find special backmatter material including scripts, sketches, and more in the physical edition of *Casanova* at your neighborhood comic shop or bookstore!

MATT FRACTION GABRIEL BÁ FÁBIO MOON

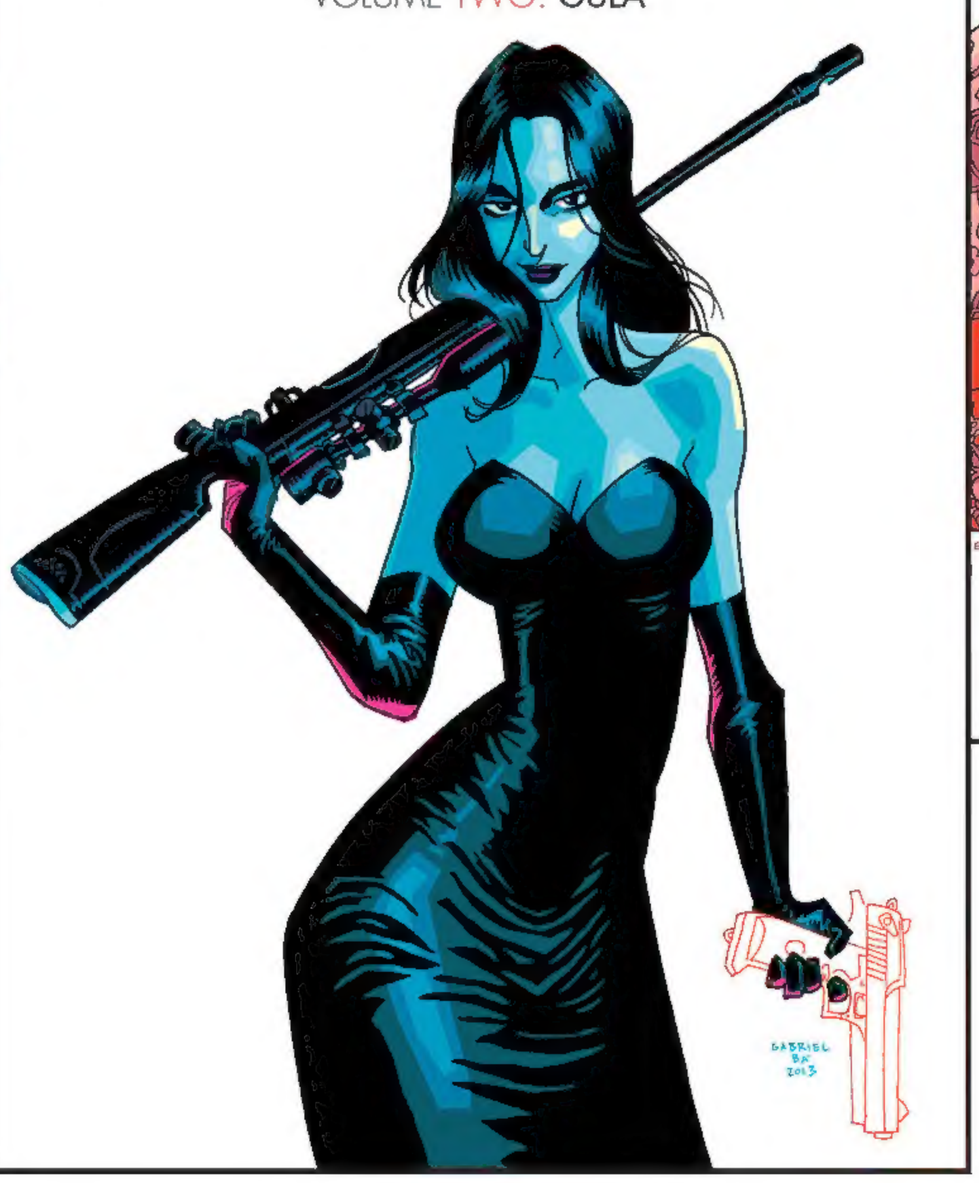
CASANOVA

VOLUME ONE: LUXURIA

MATT FRACTION FÁBIO MOON GABRIEL BÁ

CASANOVA

VOLUME TWO: GULA



MATT FRACTION GABRIEL BÁ FÁBIO MOON

CASANOVA

VOLUME THREE: AVARITIA

AVAILABLE NOW

image®

EVERYTHING ENDS. EVEN YOU.

Casanova Quinn scrambles across space and time to purge universes infected by the ultimate evil—*him*. When Cass discovers the identity of the insane and villainous Newman Xeno, his mission changes dramatically and what began as a transdimensional assault of total annihilation becomes a single assassination, repeated endlessly, until the whole of the multiverse exists Xeno-free.

What happens when a killer falls for his target?

The first *Casanova* trilogy that began in *Luxuria* and continued in *Gula* concludes now in *Avaritia*, the third chapter in the startling life of Casanova Quinn, by the award-winning team of Matt Fraction *(Sex Criminals, Satellite Sam, ODY-C)* and Gabriel Bá *(The Umbrella Academy, Daytripper, BPRD)*. With work by Cris Peter and Dustin Harbin, this volume collects the entire *Avaritia* series, all of its various covers, and all of the process material that only appeared in the original issues—until now—with all-new commentary by the creators. All of *Avaritia* lies between these covers for the first time ever.

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"Casanova is basically the best science fiction serial in the world right now."

—Warren Ellis (author of Trees, Injection, and Gun Machine)

"Ultradensely packed psychedelic sci-fi espionage... sharply dressed and erotically irresistible."

—The New York Times

"Sexy...Gripping and darkly funny."

—Entertainment Weekly

SCIENCE FICTION

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